

Foregleams
of Glory



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FOREGLEAMS OF GLORY

*RESURRECTION PAPERS
FAITH REMINISCENCES
IN TRINITY COLLEGE*

BY

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THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE
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FOREWORD



THESE "Foregleams of Glory" are dedicated to "whom it may concern" for only as far as we have followed the Life ("the Life was the light" Jno. 1:4) does the glory-light flash on the lines.

Sometimes for disciplinary purposes a soul comes to utter loss of reputation, and for a time, utter wreckage in Christian service. It was in such an hour as this God flashed on the writer some of the meaning of our relations to other Ages and other spheres of action.

In hope of comforting souls in similar bewilderment, "Resurrection Papers" and "Faith Reminiscences" were sent forth in fugitive form. Friends in different lands have asked for them in permanent shape. Hence this book.

The crudity with which profound truth is herein handled may perhaps be pardoned when we remember God is wont to "choose" "things which are not" for His marvelous high purposes!

And now may God add His blessing!

As a tiny joint in Christ's Fair Body, one with you all.

ELIZABETH SISSON.

CONTENTS

RESURRECTION PAPERS

I. The Two Resurrections	9
II. Resurrection Glory	19
III. Resurrection Order	26
IV. Resurrection Order, Third Epoch	37
V. Life of First Resurrectionists	52
VI. Training of First Resurrectionists	63
VII. Christ in Training for First Resurrection	76

FAITH REMINISCENCES

I. God Backing a Train	91
II. Providing for the Family	98
III. Tombstones Spurting Gold	104
IV. The Money Token	108
V. The Guarded Sovereign	113
VI. The Priesthood and Its Maintenance	117

IN TRINITY COLLEGE

I. The Holy Ghost and Fire	125
II. Jewel Joints	144
III. The Heavenly Housekeeper	154
IV. Blessings from Under the Threshold	161
V. Cutting Back the Wood	173
VI. Thirtyfold Fruitage	192

Resurrection
Papers

I

THE TWO RESURRECTIONS



HIS doctrine is most practical, though by the most of believers but little understood. The popular notion that at the death of the body each saint comes into the full bliss and the full powers of the eternal life, is nowhere taught in the Word. Romans 8:19-22 represents all creation now in sin and bondage, groaningly anticipating a release from that bondage into the liberty of the glory of God's children, and the twenty-third verse says that a measure of that groan is upon those who have the *first-fruits* of the Spirit (i. e., the Pentecostal baptism and its development and maturity) and will be until there comes the *redemption of the body*. So we see the full glory of the liberty of the children of God awaits the resurrection of the body. With that resurrection is somehow involved the liberation of "all creation."

"All creation" in the mouth of God is a great word, and if it means anything, must mean His created universe. Long, long ago some one said laughingly, "Given: the earth, which is known to be inhabited and the moon which is known to be uninhabited, to determine

Resurrection Papers

whether other worlds are inhabited or not." While much cannot be ascertained on that basis, yet there are hints in the Word of God like rifts in a cloud—the cloud of His "secret things," that other worlds are in creation's fall, and that the tragedy of Calvary enacted on this tiny ball, involves a wider redemption even than the race of man; but this subject is too vast for this paper.

The two resurrections in their relation to humanity is all we wish to study now. That there are two, we have only to turn to the twentieth chapter of Revelation to see. There we find a *first* resurrection (verse 5) and a *second* (verse 12) with a thousand years or millennium reign between. There also we see in verses 1-5 that the first resurrection does not take place till near the time of the binding of Satan, an event still in the future. Thus it follows that whatever may now be the state of rapture of Abraham, Noah, David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Wesley, Finney, Moody and the rest of the glorified dead, they have not yet entered into possession of their resurrection bodies, except the limited number who were raised with Jesus at His resurrection. Matt. 27:52, Ps. 68:18. Some have waited nearly six thousand years for them! Surely in God's salvation plan there are wide spaces! What about the intermediate state that lies between death and the resurrection body? Scriptures are compara-

The Two Resurrections

tively silent. We are told, "absent from the body, present with the Lord," II. Cor. 5:8; "to depart and be with Christ is *far better*." Phil. 1:23, and in our Lord's parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16:19) the conscious bliss of the blest and the conscious torment of the lost is portrayed. Other mention of that intermediate state I think we have none. That the conditions of both classes will be greatly intensified in the resurrection of the body is made clear in the Scriptures.

Let us return to a closer study of Revelation 20, and we find not all the *righteous* dead come up in the first resurrection; for at the Great White Throne Judgment where at the end of the Millennium Age the second resurrectionists assemble, the book of life is opened (Rev. 20:12) and only those not found written therein pass on into the second death. But that not all the righteous dead come up in the first resurrection, otherwise appears. Rev. 20:4 gives two very significant marks of these first-resurrection Christians. First, their character; second, their occupation.

THEIR CHARACTER — they are all martyr-souls, either literally or spiritually beheaded in their earth life "*for the witness of Jesus*," "*for the word of God*." Not all Christians in their earthly career go far enough in their day and generation with the Word of God and the witness of Jesus to be in consequence "done to

Resurrection Papers

death," either physically or spiritually; but each generation of God's people has held some, who if they did not come to the martyr's death through faithfulness to His truth, yet for such loyalty they bore a martyr-life. This is the class of souls that come up in the first resurrection; souls who in their earth-life kept the garments white, singularly unworldly, for they "had not worshipped the beast"—the great Antichristal power—which, while it heads up in a person at the end of this age, yet as "principalities . . . powers . . . world-rulers of this darkness" (Eph. 6:12, R. V.) "that spirit of Antichrist" John said even in his day was "now already in the world." I. Jno. 4:3. But these souls in training for first resurrection "had not worshipped" this world-power; "in their foreheads" was not the sign of its worry, care, greed or avarice; "in their hands" no unclean trickery of deed or pen had put its mark. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." The Apostle Paul longed to be one of these first resurrectionists (Phil. 3:7-11) and you can put him alongside of this description, and feel sure that he had the mature developed Christian character which fitted to it. But when you try to measure into it the forgiven, dying thief, whose eternal blessedness Jesus Himself declares, you see he left the earth no such warrior soul. His was a death-bed repentance; he drew one baby-breath of blessed

The Two Resurrections

Christian life and was gone, but in point of immaturity he represents a large class of Christians in each generation who have lived and died mere babes in Christ—skinny old babes, some of them, for they lived, twenty, forty, sixty years after they had been washed in the blood of the Lamb, “sinning and repenting” to the end, unvictorious in daily walk and life. As second resurrectionists they come up to the Great White Throne where every man is judged according to his works—Rev. 20:12, 13—having built upon the Christ-foundation more wood, hay and stubble than “gold, silver or precious stones;” much of their work burned, yet they themselves “saved so as by fire.” I. Cor. 3:11-15. They have “suffered loss” perhaps many ways, but noticeably in that they have missed the first resurrection. What are the rewards of the first resurrection?

This brings us to the second part of the description of first resurrectionists; THEIR OCCUPATION. “*They shall sit on thrones;*” they are all rulers. Now we know in every government there are the ruled-over-ones and the ruling ones. So in the Kingdom of God: there are the blessedly ruled-over-ones, and those whose joy it is to sit with Jesus in His throne, and bring in all the gladness of the regeneration of this earth in the Millennium Age and the further work of after ages. If I might be so allowed

Resurrection Papers

to bring out the figure—Christ and His cabinet-officers.

There are many hints of this in different parts of the Word. Ps. 49:14 speaking of the wicked says, "Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed upon them; *the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning.*" I. Cor. 6:2, "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" Dan. 7:22, "The Ancient of Days came and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High." Ps. 149:5-9, "Let the saints be joyful...let them sing aloud...let the high praises of God be in their mouth...to execute vengeance upon the heathen...punishment upon the people...to bind their kings...and their nobles... to execute upon them the judgment written; this honor have all His saints." In Luke 19:17-19, we read of those who at the coming of the Lord shall have authority, some over ten cities and some over five. In I. Cor. 6:3, "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" and Jude tells us in his sixth verse of these fallen angels "reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." So we see that a tremendous work of judging those who have missed the mark both among men and angels has been waiting, and some of it will wait another thousand years until after the millenium, for a band who have been from age to age trained, developed to rule co-ordinate with

The Two Resurrections

Christ their King, and to whom is given judgment punitive and remedial.

A Christian worker who in his mortal life is used to bring blessing to hundreds or thousands is a happy soul, but a Christian who comes up in the first resurrection to go on with Jesus in the regeneration of the earth—Matt. 19:28—is *many fold* a happy soul! At a glance we see the fitness of committing such judgment to the warrior soul, Paul, whose whole life of death to self and aliveness to God has made a preparation; and the unfitness of relegating such authority to the saved and happy, but babe-life of the converted thief on the cross. Only they who on earth co-operated with God in the full judgment of self from their own lives, are thus prepared to enter into the responsible work of judging the world and judging angels.

What in our present life are we candidates for? *All* the death of self and *all* the life of God wrought out in us? Then are we candidates for first resurrection, or better still in this latest hour before He comes, translation. There are two companies caught away to meet the Lord in the air; one from among the dead, and one from among the living—I. Thes. 4:16, 17—but one divine principle rules in both; they are prepared ones, by His life deeply wrought out in them; prepared for solemn regenerative work—Matt. 19:28. The road is a deep one

Resurrection Papers

into brideship, into the first resurrection, into translation!

All shall come into resurrection for the Revelator speaking of the setting of the Great White Throne said, "I saw the dead small and great stand before the throne, and the books were opened," but a noble company of Christ's own were not there. For a thousand years as the cabinet-officers of Jesus, with Him they had been engaged in the glorious work of restoration in this sinful earth, while the bodies of other Christians of lower orders still slept, and their spirits and souls only were with Jesus in the ecstasy of the intermediate state. The word of divine plan is unalterable; "raised every man in *his own order*." I. Cor. 15:23. Can we wonder seeing the glory of the first resurrection that Paul so longed for it in Phil. 3? That he might attain to this "out-resurrection" (Greek, prior, previous, first resurrection) from among the dead, Paul counted all things but loss—*suffered* the loss as of so much rubbish, panted to know Christ in deepest intimacy and the power of His resurrection—that is, the power of the Holy Ghost, the full and deepening power of Pentecost, and this to an end, not service, mighty and blessed missionary as he was, but *likeness to Jesus*; to have the power of Pentecost, the power of Christ's resurrection, the fellowship of His suffering, being made conformable to *His death*! if by

The Two Resurrections

any means he might attain to "the out-resurrection from among dead ones." This, Paul conceived was the *only* pathway into the first-resurrection glory. He wanted it with no selfish desire to be to all eternity a foremost star, but to hasten all God's glorious plan for the liberations of the Millennium and other ages, for the wider knowledge of Jesus to darkened souls everywhere, for the release of a groaning creation, for the giving to Jesus in himself one of that band by whom Christ would accomplish it all; without whom Christ would never return to this earth, for He will never return till He has ready for this work a band of this character from among the living, for transaltion, and a band from among the dead as first resurrectionists. In Heb. 11:35 we read of those who were "tortured not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a *better resurrection.*"

"God has His best things for the few
That dare to stand the test,
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best."

Nor do I believe that of that "holy and blessed" band of first resurrectionists and translated ones, *any* have desired a deliverance of any sort which would war against "a better resurrection" or any best thing of God. Are you a candidate for this pathway into the first resurrection or the now imminent translation?

Resurrection Papers

How solemn the declaration "and the rest of the dead,"—all who were not of *this character*, all who were not raised for *this work*; that is beside the wicked dead, all the children of God throughout the ages who had not the character described in Rev. 20:4; all who could not be raised as ruling ones, cabinet-officers of Jesus—"and the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." "Hurt of the second death!" Their existence has not gone into it, they have been "saved so as by fire," but their "high calling" has sunk under its power. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." Rev. 20:6.

II

RESURRECTION GLORY



IN First Corinthians 15:35-42 the question is sprung: "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" The answer shows that as in the natural realm, so in the spiritual, "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." It is the law of life out of death. "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, *but bare grain*, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him," not arbitrarily but according to a fixed law "to every seed *his own body*."

We turn to John 12:24 and find Jesus speaking of Himself as a grain of wheat, which, by falling into the ground and dying, was to bring forth much fruit. Wheat, we know, is the choicest of the grains; others are precious, as oats, barley, rye, maize, rice, etc., but inferior to wheat. Jesus sowed Himself into the death of wheat; that is, into the highest and fullest death of nature unto God. He had absolutely no life to nature, but all to God. "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." You and I may sow ourselves into

Resurrection Papers

the death of wheat, or of oats or of barley, etc., we shall rise with the resurrection glory of that body with which we went down to death. If we have sown ourselves barley—that is, with much of the death of Christ in our Christian walk and *something* also for self, we shall rise with the resurrection glory of that body with which we went down to death. If we have sown ourselves barley we shall not come up “bare grain” of barley, not the renewal of the beauty of our Christian life on earth, but with a glory far exceeding the bare grain, but it will be the resurrection glory of barley, and nothing can make it the resurrection glory of oats or rice or wheat. As in nature so in grace, the law is inexorable, “to every seed his *own* body.”

From the viewpoint of resurrection our whole earthly life is an opportunity to sow ourselves to death, and we Christians are constantly electing how far we will go spiritually into the death of our Master. “For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.” “All flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, another of birds”—varying orders of life. “There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun,

Resurrection Glory

and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory, *so also is the resurrection of the dead.*" Varying orders in glory, and every child of God fixes his own order in glory by the measure of spiritual death he allows God to sow him into here in his earthly career.

If, like Paul, he pants to know the *full* fellowship of Christ's sufferings and be made conformable to *His* death, his desire shall be granted and he, like Paul, shall sow himself into death of wheat, in an uninterrupted "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me," having "crucified the flesh with the affections and the lusts." As he diminishes into that full death, he changes in quality as from oats to wheat, etc., etc., and comes up in the resurrection glory of the grain that fell into the ground and died.

"Conformable to *His* death."—Phil. 3:10. How much does it mean? Of Jesus we read not only, "Lo, I come to do Thy will," but "I delight to do Thy will."—Ps. 40:8. There was a quality in His life that fully fulfilled the command, "giving thanks always for all things." "*By Him*, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." With Him there was a joy in suffering that made Him say of each event in life, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" It is

Resurrection Papers

written that for the *joy set before Him*, He endured the cross, despising the shame," and the Greek has been otherwise rendered, "thinking down upon the shame."—Heb. 12:2. So we see that through delight to do the will of God, He was above His death while He hung in its agonies and its cruel shame. It was this voluntariness with which He passed into His every death that made the rare quality of the sowing of the corn of *wheat*. In another type is hidden all the beauty of this, His death, and if we will it, our death in Him.

In the Paschal feast it was said of the lamb, "Not a bone of him shall be broken," and year by year throughout the Jewish age, most literally was the form kept, the blood was shed, the flesh was eaten, but not a bone of the lamb was broken. The type unfolded when the soldiers came to the three hanging on Calvary "to break the legs of the first and of the other that was crucified with Him, but when they came to Jesus and saw that He *was dead already*, they brake not His legs . . . for these things were done that the scriptures should be fulfilled, 'a bone of Him shall not be broken.'" —John 19:32-36. "Dead already." Why? As we follow the different accounts we learn the cross never took Jesus' life. "He *gave up* the ghost." When he saw that "all things were accomplished" and every scripture concerning Him fulfilled, like all who joyfully acquiesce

Resurrection Glory

in the will of God, in death He got ahead of those who hung on the other two crosses, and it was not necessary to break His legs, as was done to hasten their death. Natural law took their lives, but when His spirit was able to say, "It is finished," death had no more power over Him and He "yielded up the ghost" and oh, it is so glorious that Jesus in us will carry us through our many deaths, in the "fellowship of His suffering," "conforming us unto His death," sustaining us with the "joy set before Him"—how the martyrs of many ages have proved this!—causing us to despise the shame, "giving thanks always for all things." Our deaths are certainly shortened as He carries us through in such a fashion.

Oh, the glory of the resurrection from the death of the wheat! In Him we see it portrayed in Rev. 1:13-15. But is not the same glory brought forth by Rev. 19:10, where Revelator falls to worship at the feet of an angel* who is showing him great things of God? The angel checks him, telling how he is but a redeemed creature, "a fellow servant" of John "and of thy brethren." Did not John know that angels or any created beings were not for worship? You and I know that God is the object of worship. Was John less spiritually intelligent? The natural deduction is that this one looked so like Jesus that John thought

*Gr. angel or messenger.

Resurrection Papers

it was Jesus, and what a commentary is this upon "we shall be like Him." The Revelator is now corrected and will not make this mistake again! We turn into the next chapter but one and find again an angel showing him the glories of the New Jerusalem, and again John is worshipping an angel! Again he is told "See thou do it not," "I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren."—Rev. 22:8, 9. How strong is the inference that John could not tell the difference between Jesus and some redeemed ones from the earth. "The glory which thou gavest me, I have given them."

But who are these angels, these redeemed ones from the earth that it was impossible for John to distinguish from Jesus? They are among the Judgment Messengers of the Revelation time. The one the Revelator was forbidden to worship in chapter twenty-two is described as "one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues," and if one of these seven glorious creatures, executives of the wrath of God against unholiness, was a redeemed one from the earth, is it not possible the other six were of the same order of beings? Here is light upon Rev. 20:4, "I saw thrones and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them." "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world," and "they lived and reigned with Christ." Also the angel of Rev. 19, who forbade John's wor-

Resurrection Glory

ship of him because he was a fellow servant and a brother from earth, if we trace back the pronoun to its noun, must be either "the mighty angel" of Rev. 18:21 or "another angel come down from heaven having great power and the earth was lighted with his glory."—Rev. 18:1.

Oh, it pays to go all the way with Jesus! even into the full death of the corn of wheat. "If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." "He made known His *ways* unto Moses, His *acts* unto the children of Israel." As we go forward in the school of Christ, in the transmutation from the natural to the divine, God takes us out from the children-of-Israel class into the Moses class, fitting us as a son to enter into partnership in the business of the Father. Co-operation with Him in His redemption plan of the ages, this is the glory of the first resurrection. It is something now to be an honored instrument in God's hands in this mortal life to win thousands of souls to Jesus. It is more to be reigning with Christ in His throne bringing in successive ages (Gr. *aeions*) of increasing blessedness. This is the glory of the first resurrection.

III

RESURRECTION ORDER



AUL speaks more especially of resurrection order in I. Cor. 15:20-28. Three epochs are here brought to view. We shall take up that part of it which particularly refers to the believers of this age and of the millennial age. "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits . . . but every man in his own order, Christ the first fruits (first epoch); afterward they that are Christ's at His coming (second epoch); *then* cometh the end." (third epoch).

This will be more clearly brought to mind if we turn back to Lev. 23, the *first-fruit* chapter, which Paul is here opening up. The chapter is headed, "The feasts of the Lord." "These are My feasts," God says. There are seven of them: the Feast of the Sabbath, the Feast of Passover, the Feast of first first-fruits, of second first-fruits (or Pentecost), of Trumpets, of the Day of Atonement, and the Feast of Tabernacles. In this resurrection theme Paul is concerned with but three of them, the harvest-feasts. These are types, as the apostle unfolds them, of wonderful significance; types of dispensational epochs.

Under the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit Paul shows us in that tiny sheaf of wheat

Resurrection Order

waved in the temple the third day after the Passover feast, our Lord in His resurrection. "Speak unto the children of Israel and say unto them when ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the first-fruit of your harvest unto the priest, and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you, on the morrow after the Sabbath (that is the third day from the Passover offering: Resurrection Day) the priest shall wave it." So indeed it was. At Jerusalem, throughout the Jewish age of temple worship, the priest who offered the slain lamb and who saw to it that "not a bone of him was broken"—the same priest on the third day after the lamb was slain, year by year, brought and waved the sheaf of first-fruits. Though they understood it not, yet in the economy of God they must typify throughout the age Christ the *Paschal Offering* and *Christ the Resurrection*.

Not only in that sheaf of wheat as it was waved do we see Christ in resurrection, but the beginning of the unfolding of His *order* in resurrection: He has hidden it in the types of these three harvest feasts. First feast, Sheaf of wheat, Jesus and the company that came up with Him. Second feast, Feast of Second first-fruits, or Feast of Pentecost; "they that are Christ's at His coming." Third feast, Feast of Tabernacles, or great general harvest feast, feast of the ingath-

Resurrection Papers

ering. Here again there are wide spaces between these types which hint at even wider spaces in their fulfilment. We see there are *two* first-fruits with a space of at least two thousand years between them in resurrection. Christ the first-fruits: in crucifixion He is a *grain* of wheat falling into the ground (John 12:24); in resurrection He is a waved *sheaf* of wheat. How many grains in a sheaf of wheat? More no doubt than the hundred-fold. Ps. 68:18, "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive" (Heb. a *multitude* of captives). These "captives" must surely refer to those of Matt. 28:52, "And the graves were opened: and *many* bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after His resurrection . . . went into the holy city . . . appeared unto many." This company came up with Christ the Head—the first installment of the "much fruit" produced by the corn of wheat that fell into the ground and died—holy ones who had prophetically seen Christ's day in its spiritual significance (Jno. 8:56) and whose suffering lives had been sown so exactly into the quality of His death that His resurrection not only in quality but in time became theirs. They have preceded us; whatever our glory, they have gone on in front of us. Consider them.

They were of a dispensation that had not the full blaze of Gospel light, but dwelt in the glimmerings of the types and shadows. Yet this prior resurrection shows that souls absolutely

Resurrection Order

reverent follow light that may lead them beyond the grace and gifts of their own dispensation, while a little observation proves that the majority of God's souls live below the privileges and provisions of their own dispensation, as did most Israelites in their day, and as have most Christians in this Gospel Age. Yes, we repeat, *consider them*: this "multitude of captives." How great is their gain! While the bodies of contemporaries lie in their graves, continuing their long wait for resurrection, these have the exquisite joy of coming up in the Sheaf of Wheat and passing on to the throne, hidden in Christ, for *full* overcomers of *all* ages are with Jesus on His throne. Rev. 3:21.

In our thoughts what questions crowd around this company! From the throne for now nearly two thousand years they have watched the formation, development, decline and now fresh quickening of the Christian Church. What co-operative part have they had with Christ through the age! We do not wish to be wise above what is written; we can well afford to stop where God stops, and reverence His silence as much as we rejoice in His revelation, but is there not deep significance in such words as these: "Take, my brethren, the prophets who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an *example* (something to be copied) of suffering affliction, and of patience. Behold *we count them happy which endure*." Jas. 5:10, 11. Abraham saw Christ's day. Jno.

Resurrection Papers

8:56. When? Doubtless when he yielded unquestioning, ready obedience to God's command, "Take thy son . . . thine only . . . and offer him" upon one of the mountains of Moriah "for a burnt offering," and Abraham rose "*early* in the morning" and went his heart-rending way, *all* the way. To all intents and purposes "Abraham offered up Isaac." Heb. 11:17. His heart accomplished the act though his hand was stayed by divine interposition. Already he had unwittingly prophesied, "God will provide Himself an offering." Now in the crucial moment as the knife was arrested, think you not that God flashed on him the vision of His own marvelous provision to the age of the ages—the Lamb of God? Abraham had been a long time going from one deepening act of faith's obedience to another—spiritually we mature by successive acts of faith—now in this crowning step, he became grown up in God enough for God to pass him out of the children-of-Israel school, that is, of those who know God's *acts* only, into the Moses school of those to whom He makes known His *ways*. Ps. 103:7. Thus he saw Jesus the Way, and "*was glad.*" Did not the gladness then and there compensate for the agony? It always does, for God pays us as we go, in heaven's own coin for every step of obedience and faith. *How much more* as he came up a grain in that Sheaf of Wheat!!! So we might look into the lives of many others, Daniel, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, etc., to see them trav-

eling the same death-route and maturing thereby to belong to Jesus' own resurrection. Others there doubtless were, unmentioned in the Word, who inconspicuously journeyed the same way. Jehovah is no respecter of persons; any soul of any dispensation that wants to find the highest in God, welcomes the light, meets the tests and continues to go forward *to the end*; all such He will by His grace take to the very highest. All hail the grace and condescension of God!

Let us here look into the Pentecostal Feast, or the feast of the second first-fruits, which brings us to the second order in resurrection. It is named "*they that are Christ's at His coming.*" Now that all signs of His appearing are so rapidly fulfilling, everything about this company most vitally concerns us. The types here are rich with instruction. Fifty days had to be numbered from the waving of the sheaf of wheat, to bring this feast. It was the feast of the *fifties*, fifty and Pentecost being synonomous in the Greek. In that number was hidden two time-epochs, and how much more who can tell! Fifty days covers literally the time from Jesus' resurrection to the descent of the Holy Spirit. Fifty days covers *typically* the dispensation from Jesus' resurrection and ascension till His return for those who are His at His coming.

The descent of the Holy Spirit was not upon the whole company of believers—for Jesus "was seen of above five hundred brethren at once"

Resurrection Papers

after His resurrection (I. Cor. 15:6)—but upon a little inner circle of one hundred and twenty. Then as now there were two strongly differentiated companies of believers; one hundred and twenty who on the day of Pentecost touched at least the outer rim of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, and three hundred and eighty saved ones outside that inner circle. Provisionally, the body of believers from the day of the descent of the Spirit have been in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit; experimentally, the larger number on that day knew nothing of the dispensation though they had the experience of being saved by Jesus. Has it not been so ever since? A large part of the host of God in each generation have not known the baptism with the Holy Spirit and fire, though they have experienced the operations of the Spirit in conviction, conversion, and something of the keeping power of salvation—lived below their dispensation; never came into its privileges and its power, and thus will never come up in *its* resurrection.

This type of resurrection, unlike the Sheaf of Wheat, is composed of two wave loaves; comparatively much grain in these. Why *two* wave loaves? Because I. Thess. 4:15-17 tells us that they that are Christ's at His coming will be in two companies, one from among the dead and one from among the living. The requirements for both are searching, "They shall be of fine flour." Jesus tells us of Himself (doubtless as

Resurrection Order

the grain of wheat and the sheaf of wheat) that a corn of grain must abide alone except it die (Jno. 12:24) and *flour* speaks most clearly of the crushed and death-state of the grain, while "*fine flour*" with the figure drawn from the crude mills of the East, tells of "deaths oft"; repeated grindings and siftings, with a great expenditure of time and labor to make flour *fine*.

In India, with their hand mills, the writer has often watched the many processes a month before the holidays, to make flour fine enough for cakes and confections for Christmas. The wheat must oftentimes be remanded to the grinding of the upper and nether millstones, and sifted again and again through cloth of coarse, fine, and still finer grades. In Hebrew it is the same word we are told, for the grinding by the women at the mills and the contriting of the human heart. "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite (ground) and humble spirit, etc." Isa. 57:15. Thus "they that are Christ's at His coming" both resurrection and translation Christians, are *fine flour*. It is also said "they shall be *baken* . . . they are *first fruits*." Baken—fire, fire, fire; this is ever the type of "they that are Christ's *at His coming*." Pentecostal fruits, fruits of the fifties. Fire enkindled souls! They have availed themselves of the glorious provisions of Matt. 3:11, "He shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and *fire*."

Oh do we not see the strong line of demarka-

tion between the baptized and the unbaptized souls of the Lord? This Gospel Age in which we live is known as the Church Age. Truly it is, but not because all saved in it are of the church, but rather because the main purpose of God in this dispensation is to develop and mature for Christ the bride, the church. We are distinctly told in Acts 15:14 that this visitation to the Gentiles is "to take out of them a people for His name." When a man goes to a house to take out one for his name he is seeking the young girl who is to be his bride—not to marry the family. Yet, many have taught all through this Gentile dispensation that God's purpose was to convert the world. No, the main purpose throughout has been to bring forth that blessed portion *for Christ's Name*, His bride.

Incidentally many other things may be accomplished, a large body of believers brought forth, who rejected or neglected the provision that would have matured them for first resurrection Christians, and whom death reaps and holds in the same paradise with Old Testament saints of like grade, waiting their (the second) resurrection. Rev. 20.

Every soul raised in its "*own order*." Thus we find on the day of Pentecost and ever since through the Christian age, we have had these two bodies of believers; the Spirit-baptized and those who have lived without that baptism. Are all believers bride-souls? No. But

Resurrection Order

we are told the bride is the church, and Christ is the Head of the Church as the husband is the head of the wife (Eph. 5:23-27) and the bride, the church is the body of Christ (Eph. 1:22, 23; Eph. 5:29, 30, 32; Col. 2:17, 19, etc.). The terms are interchangeable, the bride, the church, the body. How do we get into the church, which is His body? Many believers will tell you "By the new birth." God does not say so. The new birth, He tells us, admits to the kingdom of God. Jno. 3:3, 5. How then do we get into the church, His body? We are all baptized into one body (I. Cor. 12:13); *born* into the kingdom, *baptized* into the body. So we see all through this age there are kingdom believers and body believers. Thus on the day of Pentecost there were one hundred and twenty baptized into the one body, the tiny nucleus of the church of God in this, the church age, and three hundred and eighty kingdom believers, who had by the new birth gotten into the kingdom of God. The Holy Spirit's mission for two thousand years has been to woo the unsaved world, through the new birth, into God's kingdom, and then to woo these born-of-God-ones, through the baptism of the Holy Spirit, into the church of God. "My little children," said Paul, "for whom I travail in birth *again* until Christ be formed in you" (Gal. 4:19), thus was the Holy Spirit taking possession of Paul with the Spirit's second travail. There is a double call, a double work, a double travail,

Resurrection Papers

a higher and a lower road on which believers journey with their differing times in resurrection; differing rewards and different position in relation to service in millennium and after ages. What we let our Lord fit us for here and now, to that position of service and increasing usefulness shall we go in those after times. As I once heard a little Salvation Army lassie say, "This is not our Christian service; we are only learning the trade now." To all mankind the earth-life is probation—the Christian-worker apprenticeship. Hallelujah! Oh the glories of the after ages with their advancing service for those who learn well their lessons here! For there are many, many grades among those who get into the "inner circle." Paul says there is a glory of the sun, of the moon, of the stars, and many varying degrees among the stars; "so also is the resurrection."

IV

RESURRECTION ORDER

THIRD EPOCH



E come to the third type: Feast of Tabernacles, otherwise known as, feast of booths, feast of the ingathering, feast of the great general harvest. This feast took place from the fifteenth day of the seventh month, as the feast of Pentecost fifty days after the Pass-over feast. Observe the *time element* in resurrection order. Between the two parts of the first resurrection, namely, when Christ and those that rose with Him, and secondly when He returns for the company who are His "at His coming," is a time quantity of fifty days or one and a half months. Similarly from the catching away of that company till the end of the second resurrection (the beginning of which is shown in Rev. 20.) is five and a half months, or one hundred and sixty-five days. Something amazing in the plan of God is here hinted at.

We saw in our last paper that in Dispensational fulfillment the fifty days of the Pentecostal feast covers the two thousand years of this Gentile age, the time quantity between His going away and His return for His ready ones. If fifty days

Resurrection Papers

open the two thousand (or thereabout) year period of this dispensation, therefrom we infer the one hundred and sixty-five days from that to the feast of Tabernacles might cover more than three times two thousand—six thousand years!

The great length and glory of God's salvation-plan hardly dawns upon us in our present infantile condition. Three times in the Word it is said God keepeth covenant with the people to a thousand generations. Allowing thirty-three years to a generation (although we know that the antedeluvian generations were much longer) up to the end of the millennium age, covering seven thousand years there will have been about two hundred and sixteen generations. Thus we see if these words of God "unto a thousand generations" are *considered* words (and what words of God are not considered?) there is a mighty vastness in salvation's scheme. It is as if it were hardly begun at the end of the millennium age. With great emphasis God brings out the thought of His thousand generation covenant with His creatures. In I. Chron. 16:15 He speaks of it as "the word which He commanded;" in Deut. 7:9 He speaks of Himself as the *faithful* God which *keepeth* covenant and mercy. . . . to a thousand generations; in Ps. 105:8 He declares "He hath *remembered* His covenant *forever*, the word which He commanded to a thousand generations."

What does all this mean? If we turn back to

Resurrection Order—Third Epoch

I. Cor. 15 which is the only chapter opening up the *order* in resurrection, we begin to comprehend the force of the little adverb “then” of verse 24; “*then* cometh the end.” Some superficial readers have made it an adverb of time, and have read “afterwards they that are Christ’s at His coming, then cometh the end” and have gone about teaching that immediately upon Christ’s coming for His own, everything in the plan finishes up then and there. This however sets the book of Revelation awry, for we are taught by this book after Christ’s coming ensues “the Tribulation, the Great” (thus the Greek gives it) and after the tribulation, the millennium, and after the millennium the Great White Throne Judgment, and after this the New Heavens and the New Earth; when for the first time the Bride is *shown*, and long after that, we do not know how long, we find the sin question still open (Rev. 22:14,15) and sinners still being dealt with. How much loss we suffer if we do not take God’s perspective! The sinners of our human race certainly seem to have their affairs close up at the Great White Throne Judgment, as recorded in Rev. 20, but that is only the conclusion of the seven thousand years of God’s dealings with man. At a glance we see this is but a small part of His faithfulness to a *thousand generations*. Are there then other worlds inhabited by beings of a probationary existence, who like our own race have disobeyed God and need the benefits of Christ’s atonement?

Resurrection Papers

Is that what the willing and obedient ones are in training for here and now? To go from star to star and proclaim to sinners of other races the grace which has made them free? Do you see the spheres of usefulness for souls made ready for the work? Cabinet officers of Jesus, winging their way (in glorified bodies like our Lord's) from one constellation to another, bringing ruin to order, changing darkness to light, salvation's streams flowing in every direction! Aviation? Aviation is child's play to the swiftness, the grandeur, the import of these chariots of God. No danger, no delay, no counter currents, God Himself the atmosphere in which they move, (Ps. 18, S. S. 6:12) chariots of His willing people carrying Him as they outspeed the foremost dreams of present day science.

To return from our thought excursion to the little adverb "then" that started us out: by the unfolding of the plan in Revelation we see that it is not an adverb of time; that is, does not mean immediately, but is an adverb of sequence or order. It signifies, that following after these events, comes this other event. Very clearly it would fall out, in the mind of a Jewish child, accustomed yearly to celebrate these three Jewish feasts, the first in the middle of the first month; second, a month and a half later; third, some five and a half months beyond—much as to an American child who had said early in December, "Mamma, which comes first, Fourth of July or

Resurrection Order—Third Epoch

Christmas?" to which the mother replies, "First comes Christmas, then New Year's, and "then" comes Fourth of July," not following immediately upon the New Year holiday, but is third in order of sequence.

Very, very much is taught us in I. Cor. 15:24-28, "Then cometh the end, when He shall have *delivered up the kingdom* to God, even the Father, when He shall have put down all rule and all authority and power." "For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. . . . and when all things shall be subdued unto Him, *then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him* that put all things under Him, *that God may be all in all.*" Thus we are shown a time when the personality of Christ is re-absorbed in the God-head: doubtless because the occasion is over for which the one God manifested Himself in three persons: the blessed triune Father, Son and Holy Spirit, for the revealing of Himself to creaturehood in redemption's plan.

This is also another way of seeing that the little adverb "then" is not of time, but of order, of sequence: for we know by many scriptures that upon Christ's coming to receive them "that are His" He sets up a throne in the earth and *reigns* here one thousand years, but he who writes "then cometh the end," speaks of it as a time of an *abdication of a throne*," when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God." The writer goes on to speak of a period when *all* things shall

Resurrection Papers

be subdued under Christ. Does he mean all things on this tiny terrestrial ball, one of the smallest of God's worlds, or does he mean all things in God's universe? It is plain the little adverb "then" has carried us far out in the eternities of God, long past the closing up of the affairs of this world and its millennium age and set us down in the New Heavens and New Earth.

Returning to Romans 8:19-23, at which we glanced in the first of these Resurrection Papers, we are taught that there is a scheme of God which in its ultimate outworking involves the release of "the whole creation." On a starry night we gaze up into the heavens and we are told that it is possible for an average eye to count morning and evening six or seven thousand stars; with even the smallest telescope the number is enormously increased. The Yerkes telescope, forty inches in diameter, probably reaches over one hundred million.* Outside of the most powerful help science has brought to sweep the sky, what millions of trillions of God's stars there may be, who can tell? Man's estimate stops because with all his telescopic aid he can see no farther. When God comes forth and talks about "the whole creation" how much do we know of what He is saying, save by such hints as He gives us in His Word? We are told that the earth is one of the smallest of God's creations, a tiny planet in one solar system. How many of

*Young's Manual of Astronomy.

Resurrection Order—Third Epoch

these systems there are, centering each around its own sun, our finite research cannot tell us. Has God no intellectual, moral or spiritual purpose in creation save what we find in this tiny earth-ball? These countless systems that fill the heavens, "the work of His fingers," are they just innumerable piles of matter, setting forth His wondrous skill, as the mechanics of His hands, without however any inner meaning, intelligence or response to His heart or His Spirit? Deep suggestions to the contrary are given us in this little adverb "then" of I. Cor. 15:24, in His Word of Deut. 7:9, I Chron. 16:15, Ps. 105:8, a covenant with His creatures to "a thousand generations," and this word in Rom. 8:22 "the whole creation" released into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

God is love. No other reason can be given for the existence of the human race than this. Love is *outgoing* in its very nature and essence; must find something upon which to bestow itself and its blessings; something it can make happy. Hence comes all the delight of natural parenthood and the begetting of intelligent, responsive beings that can reciprocate love. But natural parentage in the human family is a feeble reflection in a sin tainted race of the Divine Fatherhood. God did not make the race for the earth's sake, but the earth as a home for the human race. Thus Jesus gives us heaven's estimate when He shows that one soul is worth more than all the world.

Resurrection Papers

Divine Love knew the eternal felicity of an intelligence that would choose to be forever a response to God. Eternal reciprocity with Infinite Love! ! ! Hence He created the race of man, gave them their probationary term, the earth-life, with the power to choose or reject Him. In Adam the race fell, but out of that fall God is bringing forth a redeemed portion in a plan whose blaze of moral splendor shall gild His glory and glorify them.

Eph. 1:12, "That we should be to the praise of His glory;"

Eph. 1:14, "Unto the praise of His glory;"

Eph. 1:18, "The riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."

It's joy no powers of description, no conception we now have, can adequately set forth.

If He has purposed as much in one of every thousand of His other worlds, namely, to create upon it a race able to respond to God, and made in it His highest form of intelligence, a creature with a free-will, which involved power to act with or against the Creator, and if any of these races have suffered under Satan's solicitations a similar fall to that of the race of Adam, then there is very profound depth in the words "the creature (Greek, creation, same word here and in verses 19 and 21 as "whole creation" of verse 22) was made subject to vanity (i. e. emptiness, unattainment) not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope."

We know from many scriptures Satan wrought

Resurrection Order—Third Epoch

man's downfall, and we may hypothetically conclude that if other races exist and have fallen it is through Satan's influence; yet here God speaks of Himself as having shut them up, or made them liable to the conditions of the fall, for they could not be of free-will without this liability, God having the purpose of a larger hope in it all. Shut up to the fall, that He might shut up the fallen ones to His offers of a free and a full salvation; and He goes on to say that the whole creation "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

Of course when He says the whole creation shall be delivered, He uses words hyperbolically as did Paul when he wrote that in his day the Gospel "was preached to *every creature* which is under heavens." Col. 1:23. Again, that the Gospel brings forth fruit in *all* the world as it doth in you. "V. 6. Not in that age or any other has literally *all* the world brought forth fruit to God, or *every creature* had the Gospel given them; yet in a very remarkable sense was the Gospel disseminated generally by the apostolic church. Under the inspiration of the Spirit this intense expression was allowed Paul for emphasis. Many such are seen in the Old Testament, as when God says of Abraham's seed, "it shall be as the stars of the heaven," "the sands of the sea innumerable," etc.

Thus we see in this Rom. 8:19-24 passage God

Resurrection Papers

unfolds His best scheme of mercy for the creatures He has made. He could not make the highest order of being without endowing him with free-will; less than that was to make a mere machine for God's running. Then while He stood aside and let that creaturely will deflect from Him to Satan, what He *permitted* Satan to do, He speaks of Himself as doing. Frequently throughout the Scriptures He thus speaks of His *permissive* providence. "All things are of God;" "Is there evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?" etc., etc., but all these are really permissive and not causative.

Everything now in God's world, (shall we say in God's universe?) is subject to vanity, except those precious souls who have let God come in—"the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." This is the vanity, the emptiness, the unattainment God has permitted. In this permissive sense God has subjected it; but why? In hope. Let us examine that hope, for here comes in the wonders of His purpose, the richness of His design. He says this groaning, travailing condition shall be delivered, though now they wait, and not only *they* are waiting, but a certain class of believers wait (they who have the first fruits of the Spirit and by reason thereof are also a groaning travailing company). Both wait for what? THE ADOPTION. In an initial and spiritual sense children of God have the "spirit of adoption" (Rom. 8:15)

Resurrection Order—Third Epoch

but in the ultimate, full and dispensational sense, we still wait for it, God waits for it, creation's release waits for it; "waiting for the adoption: to wit, the redemption of our body."

There is a salvation by faith, the initial salvation, in which, bless God, some of us are walking today, but there is a salvation by hope (vs. 24, 25). If we want to come in to our ultimate salvation we must lay hold of this hope. A hope how grand! It is not merely the redemption of our bodies, though that is involved, as the greater includes the less, but the redemption of OUR BODY. Oh how much the apostle speaks in Corinthians, Ephesians, Colossians of the *new man*! Christ its Head! the church its body; individual believers; joints, sinews, bands, members of one body.

Wondrous figure our God has chosen for His design; The New Man; Christ, the head and body; for each are spoken of as *Christ* (see the body spoken of as Christ, I. Cor. 12:12; as Christ the Bread, I. Cor. 10:16, 17). In fact there is a deep, ultimate sense in which Christ has not yet been seen. In the Word we have the three Christs, i. e. the three aspects of the Christ. In the Old Testament the Christ of the types, or the typical Christ; in the New Testament the personal Christ, our blessed Lord; then the main endeavor of the epistles is to bring forth the mystical Christ, when Christ the Head shall be joined to His mystical body.

Resurrection Papers

Contemplate this figure of Christ the Head and body. How deep! In nature how delicate the union of head and body. An atom of matter that gets in anywhere between the volition of the head and any part of the body—how exquisite the torture! The circulation interrupted, foreign substance deposited; to joint, intestine, spine, etc. what agony! Action of any muscle or joint independent of the will of the head, any or all of this is dire disease. In normal life all parts of the body move harmoniously, unconscious of themselves under the volition of the head. You say, "I will run upstairs," never conscious of the limbs that carry you, or the many muscles, joints and sinews set in action for the purpose. "I must write that letter," and you sit at your desk recognizing your personality conveying your thoughts; all the powers of your being in health so yielded that neither they nor you recognize them. Hallelujah! "So also is Christ." In the mystical body of Christ is that "I;" Christ is that personality. "I live yet not I, but Christ." "Yield ye your members as instruments. . . . unto God." This is the ideal Christian life. This will be the ultimate life of the corporate body of the mystical Christ. All the component parts, each individual overcomer, has fallen into his place in his relation to Christ and to every other member of the body. Oh, how Christ has suffered throughout the two-thousand years of this dispensation by a body filled more or less with independent life

Resurrection Order—Third Epoch

and action of its own! Through the church He would have made an exhibition of Himself, as daily your natural life exhibits you along the lines of your body and mind, and people see what you are through the constant action of your body and mind.

But the Christ! 'Tis as if a being of noble parts were bound to a body afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. Involuntary and uncontrollable independent action of nerves and muscles defeat His movements and belie His purpose. If He would rise, the contrary minded and self-acting muscles pull Him back to the chair; in attempting to sit, they jerk Him up; if He would open a door, a long argument and firm action of His will, must bring the hands to bungling action. If some muscles were compliant, others were resistant. Such has been the spectacle of what has been named the body of Christ for two-thousand years! Why? Because the majority of Christians were in a mixed state, part natural, part Divine. And "the natural mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." (Rom. 8:7; Rom. 7). But when God has caught away from among the dead and from among the living, and gathered together the number of the full overcomers, all others for the time-being sifted out, they will fall into place with Him and with each other perfectly, for they have lost all but to do His bidding every moment and on every line of their being—grown "up into

Resurrection Papers

Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ," from whom all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God. Oh happy day! when Christ shall be manifested and not calumniated by the life of His people. Then will be a full, an ultimate answer to the prayer of Jno. 17, "that they may be one. . . . that the world may *believe* that Thou hast sent me"; "that they may be made perfect in one. . . . that the world may *believe* that Thou hast sent me;"

There is the birth of a male-child, a new man, portrayed in Rev. 12. We see that upon his birth he becomes an instrument or moving power in God's hands. Immediately the man child is born he is caught up to God and His throne. As he goes up Satan loses his place in the heavenlies. He falls to the earth. When later the Man-child, Christ, *Head and body* comes to the earth, Satan falls into the abyss wherever this redeemed body goes, it is God's *victory*. A locksmith may be a long time making a certain key, but it does not take long to open the box *when he gets the key*.

Jesus is spoken of in Rev. 3:7 as "He that hath the key of David," and when He gets His bride, when He gets the sacred, mystical body of Christ He will have the key. Then we shall see how swiftly tribulation events will ripen, the millennium age will follow upon its closing up, the New Heavens and the New Earth succeed-

Resurrection Order—Third Epoch

ing; then on out through the vast after ages when in the universe God will remember His faithfulness to a thousand generations. In another chapter we will say more of this Body and its career; this Body through whose coming forth, ends creation's wait, and begins creation's deliverance "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

V

LIFE OF FIRST RESURRECTIONISTS



IN this paper we deal with the qualifications and career of the first-resurrectionists. The displacement of the human by the Divine, that is to say the spiritual death of the natural man is the sole qualification, because where and only as far as self died, can Christ live instead.

Therefore, wherever the victorious Body of Christ, (which is the corporate body of the full overcomers) is shown, it is as a picture of death, and life out of death. In the nature of things it must be so, since the life of the body is in its Head. Thus, whether we look at the picture in Revelation 20, where we find that each resurrectionist was either literally or spiritually beheaded for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus; or at that of the caught-away ones, the man-child of Revelation 12, where their character is shown as overcomers through the blood, the word of their testimony, and "they loved not their lives *unto the death*;" or at the figure of the resurrection grain of I. Cor. 15:36-42 "that which thou sowest is not quickened *except it die*," the figure is invariably that of death. What is sown into death spiritual, is raised into glory spiritual. Thus

Life of First Resurrectionists

we are enjoined, "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus, might be made manifest in our body." Hence the profound significance of Jesus' words, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life *for My sake* shall find it." Matt. 10:39.

Ah! they that are consenting *now*, moment by moment, to the transmuting from the human to the Divine, through moment by moment dying out, that Christ may thus live and move through them—*they* are being qualified for first resurrectionists. Such will never need the Great White Throne judgment, for the whole earth-life is their judgment day. They have consented to judge self. "If we would judge ourselves we should not be judged." I. Cor. 11:31,32—not come into that judgment hour which is to try the world. "When we are judged we are *chastened of the Lord.*" The infinite condescension of His dealings to rid us of ourselves! Did we but recognize what there was to gain or what to lose, with how deep gratitude should we welcome every gleam of light that discovers self lurking anywhere! No matter whence it came or from whom, we would take that light as the tender "chastening of the Lord," in order "that we should not be condemned with the world;" that is, that we might not appear with them at the Great White Throne, sharing with them, more or less of its judgment of our works, though the life is

Resurrection Papers

secure with the Lamb. But what of that large Christian company who, as second-resurrectionists, come up to that Throne with their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life (Rev. 20:15) "saved yet so as by fire?" Their lives are saved out of its judgment, because upon Christ the true foundation, yet their service (their works) have *gone into it*, because so mixed with self that much of it, as wood, hay or stubble is burned up. I. Cor. 3:11-15.

Oh what a fixing of one's self to a plane far below one's privilege in all that! What dwarfage! "*Hurt* of the second death;" the life has escaped its powers, but the works have gone into it! "He that *overcometh* shall not be hurt of the second death." Rev. 2:11. For while these "hurt" ones are being adjudged "with the world," in the world's hour, and with some measure of the world's loss, *full* overcomers, first-resurrectionists, have already been "in Christ," "with Christ," "by Christ," ruling in blessedness upon the earth for a thousand years. And now enthroned with Him, they are judging the world, these saints *of the second-resurrection*, and angels, all of which is preparatory to their passing on in Christ, their Head, to His more expansive rule in the New Heavens and New Earth and His redemptive work in His universe to a thousand generations. This is their career.

No human thought can follow the glory of God in these obedient ones whose natural life has been

Life of First Resurrectionists

wholly displaced by Jesus as their life—"not I but Christ." They are His inheritance, as, thank God, He is theirs; "The riches of the glory of *His inheritance in the saints!*" With bodies like the body of His glory, whose effulgence is described: "His eyes . . . as a flame of fire," "His feet like unto fine brass as if they burned in a furnace," "His voice as the sound of many waters," "out of His mouth . . . a sharp two-edged sword," "His countenance as the sun shineth in his strength." Rev. 1:13-16. ("Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. 13:43.) A body whose transcendency of all laws of gravitation is shown in such words as these, "a cloud received Him out of their sight;" "the doors being shut where the disciples were assembled . . . came Jesus and stood in the midst," "after that He appeared in another form unto two of them," etc., appearing, disappearing at His blessed will in salvation's purpose—bolts, bars, height, depth, neither let nor hindrance to Him.

With bodies like this body of His glory, these first-resurrectionists wing their way, chariots of God, chariots of light, conveying Him while He conveys them, each an unclouded expression of God; each, heaven's own radiancy of light, passing on into sphere after sphere of moral darkness, changing its bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Even in the terrestrial glory of restored Israel,

Resurrection Papers

those who shall be instruments in God's hands to that restoration, are spoken of thus, "and SAVIOURS shall come up on Mount Zion, to judge the mount of Esau, and the kingdom shall be the Lord's." Obadiah 21. In how much richer, fuller sense shall these first-resurrectionists of the celestial glory (for Abraham's earthly seed are the "glory of the terrestrial," while these are the "glory celestial") be accounted SAVIOURS in the after ages, and through the universe. Individually and collectively they have become through the full death of self, full nonentities, or full emptinesses for the possession of the life of Another; thus they can fully express the glory of the Head. "He that loseth his life, *shall* find it." Self displaced by Christ, ultimately, absolutely! What can it mean?

Ah it were better to be the veriest idiot in the earth-life crying like Jack the huckster,

"I am a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all,"

as he peddled his few wares and lived his obedient but very simple, narrow life, than to be the mightiest intellect coupled with a spirit that sways tens of thousands for Christ, and be less "nothing at all" and see less clearly that Christ is the "*All in All!*" For what are giant intellects to that which the on-going souls are to be? What is a Sir Isaac Newton and all he wrought to the constant expansion in the millions upon billions

Life of First Resurrectionists

of the Ages of Eternity to that idiot who has the "mind of Christ" "in whom are hid *all* the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge!"

Spiritually, mentally, in Christian work every way, what *room* in Christ to grow! In the Ages of Eternity what *time* to grow! With Christ the Head expressing Himself along the lines of His Body, to a universe, unto a thousand generations, what *means* of growth! Think you it pays to lay down life continually that He may ever increasingly come in? Oh with what tender yearning God is always saying, "Give room, that *I* may dwell." Can we not now see what animated the breast of Paul when he cried, "I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Phil. 3:7-15. 'Tis as if he said, "*I know* I am a child of God, *I know* He sanctifies me, *I know* I have the baptism in the Holy Ghost and fire; *I know* He is using me up and down the known earth, but I do not know that I am a *first-resurrectionist*. There is a *prize* of the "upward calling," (Gr. for "high calling") there is a deep maturity that I, in common with my fellow-Christians am in danger of losing; there is an out-resurrection prior, previous, to the resurrection of the majority of the believers, "if that by any means" I may attain to *that* "out-resurrection from among the dead." I cast aside "every weight" and run toward the goal, "forgetting those things which are behind," things of my sin, my mistakes, my

Resurrection Papers

rich experiences, my successful Christian work, etc., etc., "and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I *press* toward the mark for the prize." But Paul, what is the prize? "To be of the *first* fruits; to have the character of a first-resurrectionist; to be of the very *Body* of Christ, to be forever of His Bride! The satisfaction of His heart! The correspondence of His salvation-purpose toward a groaning, travailing creation! To be part of the key in His hands by which He unlocks to bliss other races in other ages; to be an absolute unit with Him, as in normal, physical life a healthy joint or sinew is one with the head that calls it into action, or holds it in rest; to be evermore an answer to God." "Brethren," says Paul, "not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect I count not myself to have apprehended." If this position is scriptural, how unscriptural is some of the talk we hear today, "*I am of the bride of Christ,*" "*I will meet you in the air,*" etc. a flippant assurance that they *are* first-resurrectionists. *Paul* was a *candidate* for it. He followed *on*, recognizing that he had been apprehended of Christ Jesus for this very thing, but to make his calling and election sure there must be a continued, cooperative apprehending on his part, "if that I may apprehend." Rotherham puts this, "if also I may lay hold (of that) for which also I was laid hold of by Christ." It has

Life of First Resurrectionists

something of the force of that other word, "Many are called but few are chosen."

We see how many are called to salvation but only those who choose to respond does God choose. Many are called to sanctification, but again those only are chosen who draw to the call. God's choice falls on ours. So on every line in grace God calls widely but few are chosen; *those few who choose* the upward calls of grace upon their choice falls God's seal—He chooses them or empowers them to be what they choose to be. Paul conceived it was big business to respond to the call and be of the bride, of the body, first-resurrectionists, to be Christians of a maturity that preceded by a thousand years the resurrection of other Christians. Thus he bent his back, as it were, to the task of life-long unintermittent dying out to self, like his blessed Master who, "pleased not Himself," from Mary's womb to Calvary's cross. Paul went on under the perpetual purpose "Not I, not I, I live, yet not I but Christ!" In the humility of true holiness his constant attitude was "I count not myself to have apprehended." Here if you will drop out of this passage the italics supplied by the translators to make as they thought the meaning clearer, you will find he says he had apprehended "but one thing," that is, the attitude necessary to accomplish his purpose. An unflinching purpose for full maturity in "the knowledge of Jesus," the "power of His resurrection,"

Resurrection Papers

(which is the power of the Holy Spirit) the "fellowship of His sufferings," the *conformity* "to His death" Phil. 3:10. This was the only path into first-resurrection as Paul conceived it.

Ah! the victory-companies ever carry palms in their hands, for the palm-tree is a symbol of constant life out of death. As the tree springs up from the first fronds that shoot forth, lying low near the ground, every series of fronds dies, to give place to a higher form of fronded life, and so on and on until the mighty tree has reached its full height of sixty or seventy feet, its bare and rugged trunk, round after round, just death marks of the fallen fronds; thus the age and height of the tree is counted by the number of deaths it has undergone. So also the "trees of the Lord's planting." "Life out of death" cry the palm victors as they wave their glad palms.

Oh! with what solemn gladness Paul pressed forward, crying, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but *one thing*; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth, to those things which are before, I *press* toward the mark, for the prize of the high (upward) calling of God in Christ Jesus." He could not count himself a fully finished work of God, but he had learned the soul-attitude which if persevered in, would bring it about. He chose it and God chose to divinely energize him to maintain that attitude. He was not only one of

Life of First Resurrectionists

the many called but of the few *chosen*. Hallelujah! Oh how much it meant to Christ to have in Paul a bride-soul! How much it meant to God to have in Paul the making of one of those sons (not children, but come-of-age-sons) of God, for whose uncovering, unveiling, revelation, all creation has been and is still *waiting*.

Inasmuch as grace had made Paul a lover did he pant to be a full satisfaction to the heart of Jesus, as a bride-soul; in as much as grace had made him a missionary, and a lover of captive ones, did he pant to be part of the instrument in God's hands for the release of "all creation." And does the writer and reader of these pages pant to satisfy this double purpose of God, and like Paul have we chosen to go the whole length of our funeral, that it may be always, everywhere and every how "not I but Christ?" Then may we humbly hope that God's choice will fall upon ours; that in us Jesus may "see *His seed*," (Isa. 53:10) the precious reproduction of Himself. Thus may we be ready for the now soon-coming translation, or if Jesus tarry yet a little, told off for first resurrection.

"O Love Divine, how good Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart,
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I *die* to prove,
The greatness of Redeeming Love
The love of God through me."
Flowing to all creation.

River-bed! God Himself the River of Love!
Jesus has said out of the believer "shall flow

Resurrection Papers

rivers of living water." He did not say a river, one mighty Mississippi or Amazon; He did not say two rivers, or two hundred. Creatures utterly yielded to God as bed to its River, for "a thousand generations," to all creation, what expansion in association with God !! Perhaps Jesus could not in truth limit it to "out of him shall flow one thousand Amazons." So he has left it *unlimited*. Eternally LOVE's channel—"that the love where-with Thou hast loved Me, may be in them, and I in them." "Christ in you the hope of (*creation's*) glory."

VI

TRAINING OF FIRST RESURRECTIONISTS



REVELATION—the name by which the last book of the Bible is known—is a word which in the Greek means unveiling or uncovering. Hence the significance of the title; the unveiling or uncovering of Jesus Christ, i. e., “The Revelation of Jesus Christ,” as He moves about in the closing up of this, and the opening out of other dispensations.

In the forefront of the book He gives us the picture of the seven churches, and then within them, as a circle within a circle, the full overcomers. With anointed eyes, we have been seeing in this series of papers, that all the glories of future dispensations are delayed, held back, till the full number of these overcomers is brought out, or to take another figure of God (Revelation 19:7), it is not till the Lamb’s wife hath *made herself ready* that the marriage supper and succeeding events take place. The Greek word “revelation” has the force of unveiling or uncovering as of a statue already set. Thus when Romans 8:19 declares the whole creation is waiting for the “manifestation” of the sons of God, it is this Greek word, revelation, and gives the sense of an hour, when the veil shall be lifted

Resurrection Papers

as on an inauguration day. We can not unveil a statue until it has been made ready and set. Thus for six thousand years Christ has been waiting and creation has been waiting for the full number to be made up of these "sons," that, gathered together in one and joined with their sacred, mystical Head they may be unveiled, manifested. Many of these "sons" have been matured and gathered to some blissful Paradise, where they prove "to die is gain," and are there awaiting the first resurrection. You will notice this is not the unveiling or manifestation of the children of God, but "sons," a word having the sense of grown-up ones (see Alford), those come of age. As in the United States none are allowed to vote, or use governmental power until they have matured to a certain age, never allowed to come into inheritance of property till thus grown up, so these sons of God are more than mere children of God. As we can not unveil a statue till it has been made ready, so each joint, sinew, muscle, nerve, in the sacred mystical body of Christ, can only fall into its place *when each and all* perfected of God have come to full maturity. Do we now see the deep significance of the words in Romans 8:19-23, that not only does all creation continue to groan and travail in pain till now, *waiting* for the manifestation of the sons of God; but "*ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting.*" In I. Corinthians

Training of First Resurrectionists

12:13-26 we are taught—what as a fact in nature we daily experience—that disease in one member, even one tiny nerve, more or less impoverishes the body, and enrichment in one carries its measure of life and health to all.

In a healthy organism a body is one, and one with its head, not conscious of many parts, nor yet conscious of itself, but instinct with its living head. "So also is Christ." I. Corinthians 12:12. Not only is the body waiting, but these also who are in making for that Body, groan as they wait with a sense of incompleteness—of intangible, yet unbearable loss. As soldiers, maimed upon a battlefield, tell us that ever after, the missing foot or arm seems to clamour for care, and often wakens them in the night to report itself cold, feverish, or nervously twitching, and as physicians tell us that the whole body of such is enfeebled by the loss it has sustained, and life itself must be shortened thereby—thus, in the spiritual world, this Body of Christ in its incompleteness has laboured and groaned to supply its missing parts. "And not only they, the whole creation, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our Body." Romans 8:23. The Holy Ghost life in these first fruit believers is not only panting in them for their own full, rounded out development in Christ, but through them for other Christians to come up to the same high level. On

Resurrection Papers

howsoever high a rung of that golden ladder, Christ, these have set their feet, they are still stretching forth to mount the one above, at the same time reaching down to induce some lower-rung believer to come up higher.

This new nature, yearning, stretching, reaching, groaning in them, like the early bungling efforts of a babe in the use of its new-found limbs, has this pre-eminent value—it is teaching the baby to handle, to think, to walk. It is developing the baby.

Thus the Holy Ghost, by what we call Christian work, is developing each as a warrior-child—the Manchild—for the battlefields of after dispensations. How important to *follow the Spirit* as to where we work, how we work, when we rest; in the ministry of beneficence, the Word, or of prayer. “As many as are led by the Spirit of God,” *they are the sons* of God for whom creation waits. Romans 8.

Supreme is the question we are raising in this paper, “What is the training and discipline that brings forth these first-fruit believers? those who belong to the first resurrection?” Of all inquiries, this is vital, to Christ, to us, to all creation! For, in the unveiling of these, what breadth, depth, and length of salvation streams! Salvation flowed in measure in the Jewish age, when Christ was dimly discerned through the types and shadows of that dispensation, the age of the typical Christ, but oh! in *how much* fuller measure did

Training of First Resurrectionists

salvation flow when He was unveiled, and became a living Person on the earth, the personal Christ. Thus has the River of God broadened in the Christian dispensation, not however in that measure of increase, but with geometrical ratio will salvation pour, when, head and body joined He is unveiled as the *Mystical Christ*, for which "all creation" has been groaning and tra-
vailing in waiting throughout the ages. Portentous indeed the question, WHAT IS THE TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE OF FIRST RESURRECTIONISTS? The Holy Spirit Himself is the Teacher, and when "baptized in the Holy Ghost and fire," then education *begins* on this higher plane. Life, as God permits it to touch us, the school, our daily providences are the tools in this Masterworkman's hands whereby He brings forth in us the full image of Christ. Right where we are is a Divinity school till God moves us elsewhere, then the new station is Trinity College. If we are compliant, gladsome in God's hands, He will take us through freshman, sophomore, junior and senior years, graduate us with our B. A., our M. A., and give us post-graduate courses with professorships galore. He just loves to educate His willing compliant souls. But more than we perceive, we control this matter of our education. Said the writer to a friend in the South where many years ago she was holding meetings, "Your daughter Lucy is a very beautiful girl." "Yes," she replied, "Lucy is a dear child, but she has

Resurrection Papers

one very grave fault, she is so sensitive. Her father and I are afraid to rebuke her, it takes so long for her to recover from the attack of self-pity into which the slightest reproof plunges her; consequently her improvement is slow, for we have to wait so long for her to recover from one thing before we can touch another." As she spoke, in my heart God said, "And that is My trouble with you, My child." I cried, "Lord deliver me from all self-pity, that You may go on rapidly with Your work." The three score years and ten have reaped away many of God's dear children, while God has been permitted to go but a little way with them in the schooling. But with the Holy Spirit as Teacher and God's providences the school, what may not be accomplished if we are *still* in His hands; the hand of His grace. "God is able to make *all* grace abound toward you," and the hand of His providence "*everything* enriched by Him." A blind young girl had been powerfully converted to God from a very worldly gay life, and went to a Christian training school, which also was a house of the Lord's healing. She hoped to get training for Christian service and the opening of her eyes. But her life seemed full of disappointing, baffling circumstances. All were so busy, frequently there was no one to lead her back and forth to the class room; when she got there, being also quite deaf, she lost much of the instruction, and she so eager to learn. Discouraged, she sat alone

Training of First Resurrectionists

one day in her dark world, the tears raining down. When should she be ready for Christian service! Suddenly a bright light filled the room, and the center of the halo, Oh joy! was the blessed Jesus Himself. He was sitting absorbed in a piece of work in His hands. He never looked up, so intent on His task! She, too, now watched it. It was a vase of rare beauty of shape (God's thought in every human life is), and He was moulding a wreath of most exquisite leaves and flowers with which He was garlanding it. Ever and anon He smiled that smile of His, as if *delighted* (enraptured) with His work. After, as it seemed to her, a long time, He looked up with such grave tenderness and said, "This vase I am working on is you, but oh, how you hinder me, because you do not keep still." God never let her receive much from the teachings of the schools, but in after life, in the different countries where He served Himself by her, those who knew her, realized much of the beauty and fragrance with which the Lord had garlanded her life.

"Who teacheth like Him?" "The Lord shall be thy confidence." If we will give Him an unbounded confidence and recognize that in our life whatever is, is right, because for the "new creature," realizing that "ALL things are of God," how still we will keep! How rapidly He will work! One straight line the Lord gives us to go by every moment; in every trifling event, or

Resurrection Papers

in the most stupendous of the day; it is "giving thanks always for all things." Why in "*everything* give thanks?" Because "this (thing) is the will of God in Christ Jesus, concerning you." II. Thess. 5:18. "The work of our maturing consists simply in receiving from one moment to another all the troubles and duties of our state as veils, under which God hides Himself and gives Himself to us. The moment which brings a duty to be performed, or a trouble to be borne, brings also a message declaring to us the will of God.* A Christian worker in Chicago some years ago was hastening from one side of the city to the other, to catch an outgoing train to hold a meeting. As she was making a crossing, hurrying for her car, a teamster with a wagon heavily loaded with long iron rails, came slowly creeping along. He had the right of way, she must stop on the further corner, and see her car go on the Chicago draw-bridge, and think perhaps the bridge will be up when the next car comes along. A feeling of impatience and anxiety was trying to work up in her heart, when, as she lifted it to God, came the sweet thought, "It is the Lord!" "Shall I not stand and *wait for my Lord* to go by?" she said as the long slow thing crept on. Yes, she lost her car, Chicago's most trying bridge was up for eight minutes, or so, to let a vessel pass while she sat in the next car waiting. She had missed her

*Translated from a French mystic of some centuries ago.

Training of First Resurrectionists

train. Who would take the meeting for which she was advertised in the distant city that day? But peace reigned within for she had *seen the Lord* on the load of iron, she had had the privilege of standing to let *Him pass*. As she sat belated in the railroad station, waiting some hours for the next train, she knew the same Lord Who hindered her going had presided at her lost meeting, and in her heart, what joy!

There is no substance in holiness but as it is found in the Divine will, which is ever presenting itself to us under the veil of the most ordinary duties and the crosses which they bring. In these God's hand is hidden to uphold and bear us. He vouchsafes Himself to mark out the path which the soul is to take as it gradually advances. The moment which brings a duty to be performed or a trouble to be borne, brings also a message declaring to us the will of God now. The soul has but one thing to do, to grasp hold of God, who offers Himself directly to it, at every step, at every moment, in every object which it meets with, in its onward course. He who recognizes his King under the coarse garb of a common peasant, will receive him very differently from another, who, thinking he sees only a person of the lowest class treats him accordingly. In the same way, the soul which sees the will of God, in the smallest things, and in things the most trying and overwhelming, receives them all with joy and reverence. And

Resurrection Papers

so that from which others fear and shrink, the faithful soul opens all its doors to receive with honor. The providences of our life are the jewelled fingers of our God bejewelling us as we lie plastic clay in the Potter's hand. He is working as much on the jewels when He brings us to enforced inactivity as when using us in Christian service. As truly bejewelling us when our frame is under the rack of sickness, as in the after moment when He touches us with Divine health; when He spoils our reputation in the making of character, as when He lets men see God in us. Bereavements, poverty, attacks of the enemy upon our body, upon our Christian work, the million-fold forms of suffering through which He passes us, He who says at the beginning, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous," all these are the tools by which the Jeweller fashions His work. The Christian souls that outstrip others in the race are those who thank God for *each thing* in its hour and its moment, "Giving thanks always for *all things*." "Yes," you say, "but some things are things of the devil to be resisted." Then thank God they have come as opportunity for resistance of the devil (soldiers are only trained on *battle-fields*), and stand fast in the Lord in the victory of "giving thanks *always* for all things." If you will obey *first*, you will come to much understanding through obedience, "If any man will *do* he shall know." John 7:17. Lift the dignity of your obedience up to its true place.

Training of First Resurrectionists

Put first things first. It is not first that you may be fruitful in Christian service, but that you may "be conformed to the image of God's Son," that Christ may see in you "His seed" (law of the seed, "after his kind," Gen. 1:11). Remember that "creation waits" for the unveiling of these "sons of God." Romans 8:19. If seen in its due perspective each occasion is one of gaining a victory for "*all creation.*" How ennobling, then, every opportunity of trial or test, every union with the Divine will. A child of God on a sick bed was taught several things by visions. Among the rest in a dream comes the picture of a gigantic battlefield. Myriad hosts emerged from a dense darkness and covered the field. They emitted darkness as they moved. Only at one point in the field was there light streaming down. As the eye followed that light to its source, it was Jesus Himself from whom all the light emanated. They—a comparatively tiny company who moved in its beams, taken possession of by that light—radiated it wherever they turned. Though so overwhelming in numbers, always the dark hosts fled before the light. These light-warriors, insignificant in numbers and of themselves, were possessed of the light—their only weapon—and it radiated from them whenever and wherever they came into union with the Divine will, so that the dear one awoke from her dream exclaiming, "If I may but tie my shoestring in the will of God, it brings something of

Resurrection Papers

the defeat of Satan and the victory of Jesus on life's battlefield." Yes, and as the horizon widens we perceive that the victories of mortal life have their tremendous bearings upon the "ages to come." Eph. 2:7. Hence each child of the Father may joyously cry, "I am gaining a victory not merely as a Christian soul, not merely for my day or generation, but in the (to unanointed eyes) trifling victory of this hour, I am bringing nearer the release of a groaning, travailing creation!" In the development of His own, God can afford things that do not enter into the scope of the Christian worker's thought. Years ago the writer was taken over a Royal Pottery in England, called Minions. Oh, the spiritual parallels in viewing the earth; the moistened earth, the clay, the clay on the wheel, the vessels in the "firing," then the artists' work in decoration, then the gilding, then the enamel bath, then the oven again; for higher grade vessels, further, choicer work of still more skillful artists, deeper gildings, another enamel bath, furnace again, etc., etc. Thus we were taken from room to room, from floor to floor, as the grades of work increased in elegance, and when we almost lost our breath in delight over some dream of beauty, we were gravely told the rarest pieces of workmanship had not been shown, were never seen in all this vast laboratory. Artists commanding almost fabulous salaries worked in the seclusion of their own studios upon choice plans, designed

Training of First Resurrectionists

only for various royal courts of Europe, and never exposed to the gaze of the public. Having been fashioned on the wheel the \$50,000 and \$100,000 pieces of art were removed to the studios of the royal artists to be wrought upon and finished in their sacred seclusion. Thus God with a view to eternal uses may remove a choice soul from public service and the eye of man to put on them a rarity of heavenly decoration while they abide unseen, unknown, not understood—themselves not understanding—in this age. This is “heroic treatment” which God can only put the soul through who gives Him *unbounded* confidence; who yields his life as a continual blank card. Shall God dare to go all lengths with us? Will we let Him so treat us by the Holy Spirit to enamel baths, aye, glory baths; that no tinge of spiritual pouts, the obnoxious “Why?” “reasonings,” “imaginings” (II. Cor. 10:5.) can hinder His most delicate manipulations? “Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.” It is to the end that where now is a groaning, travailing creation there may be deliverance into the “LIBERTY OF THE GLORY of the children of God.” (See Alford, Rom. 8:21.)

VII

CHRIST IN TRAINING FOR FIRST RESURRECTION



SCRIPTURE states that Christ is "the first begotten of the dead," "the first fruits of them that slept." How came He to be the First of the first, the Leader of the first resurrection file? Because during His earthly life He kept in the place of absolute nothingness, and thus He let *in* the life of Another.

If we should raise the question with any little Sunday School child, "What could Jesus do when He was here upon earth?" the child would reply, "He could make bread and fishes to feed thousands; He could heal the sick; He could cast out devils; He could command the wind and the sea to be still; He could find money in a fish's mouth; He could raise the dead; oh! He could do everything." But when we turn to Him and ask Him, "In His earthly career, what can the Son of man do?" He replies, "I can * * * * do nothing." John 5:19. Herein was His perfection as a human being, as the man Christ Jesus.

We fail to appreciate what a training was mortal life for Christ. From the bosom of the Father came Jesus, Himself the omnipotent

Christ in Training for First Resurrection

God, to introduce that God-life into the flesh, through the nature received from Mary His mother. His was a call to live a sinless life in the flesh, that flesh which God says "Is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Rom. 8:7-8. "They that are in the flesh can not please God." So the problem with Jesus was, how to dwell in the flesh, in human nature, that nature received from Mary, and never live in His humanity, never move from it for one single instant; thus only could He be "holy" and remain "holy." "That holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God." Luke 1:35. As Son of Mary He met life, its temptations and its duties; as Son of God in the might of the Father, He lived that life; a helpless humanity resting by faith in the Divine Father.

A close study of the Gospel of John, which from one view point may be called the diary of the man Christ Jesus, reveals the unwavering position maintained by Him of denial of the human life. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of Himself." John 5:19, 30; 8:28. Never spake of Himself, John 7:16, 8:38; 12:49, etc. Never wrought a miracle, (only let the Father work through Him), 14:10; 5:36; 10:37-38; never came nor went from self, (ever the Sent One), 4:34; 5:23, 24, 30; 12:44; 9:38, 39; 7:16; 9:4; 11:42; 12:44, 45, etc., etc. Never used His human judgment,

Resurrection Papers

(only judged as the Father showed Him), 5:30. Jesus renounced the powers of His own being, refused to use them, yielded them to God, to be used by Him, and this renunciation was prophesied of Him in Isa. 42:19-21 as His perfection. "Who is blind as My Servant, and deaf as My Messenger that I sent? who is blind as He that is perfect and blind as the Lord's Servant? seeing many things but Thou observest not; opening the ears but He heareth not. The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake; He will magnify the law and make it honorable." His ear "digged," (Ps. 40:6; Ex. 21:6) or bored to the house of His Jehovah Master, He would not for one instant let any of His powers go out free, or let the seed of Mary in Him, the flesh, the human, even for one moment use them, and if He had, that would have been a moment of sin, for "the flesh is enmity against God," "not subject," neither indeed can be."

He had come to demonstrate how God could live in the flesh, dominate it, use its powers and live it uninterruptedly up into God, and show forth through it *continuously only* the glory of God. To do this He must be a real man, not a painted image of one. Very God of very God, He must become also very man of very man. In Himself He must demonstrate that the sinner from the depths of his sin could be lifted by letting God in. So He took the

Christ in Training for First Resurrection

sinner's place, was made "in the likeness of *sinful flesh*," took on Him "the seed of Abraham," "was tempted in *all points* like as we are, yet without sin." Hallelujah! Thus in Himself He met and conquered the temptations addressed to the whole sinful race, having been supplied from Mary His mother with their own flesh, ("God *can not* be tempted") in which flesh to be subjected to every form of temptation that individually and collectively assailed mankind. Truly God hath given us "a Savior and a Great One!" He was very man as we know human nature today, but in temptation He was the man colossal, in that there played upon that weak flesh everything that Satan and his hosts had turned upon the race from the serpent's hour of seducing Eve in the garden, up and out to all that shall come upon the race to the close of God's dealings with a sinful creation. And He was forevermore Conqueror Colossal, in that He triumphed over all without a second's interruption of that victory. One of the later forms of that battle and conquest is portrayed in the Gethsemane agony.

A subtle snare of the Christian worker is that of making the will of God subservient to the work of God. In us Christian workers there are many forms of this—gross, less gross and more delicate. We see constantly how many are afraid to go on with God for fear of injury to His work in their hands. A fresh

Resurrection Papers

instance of this appears just now in many lands, of workers in places of responsibility who more or less clearly perceive God moving in new ways, in His shedding of Latter Rain with gifts of tongues, healings, etc. A little study of Church history shows us in every age of the Church, hosts who have thus made missteps, as the English Church in the days of the Wesleys; Congregationalists in the days of Finney; Presbyterians in the time of the great outpouring of the Spirit in the Cumberland Mountains; Welsh clergy and mission workers in this last mighty move of God in Wales; etc., etc. Conservatism, the fear of taking up with unpopular truth, and many objections and prejudices as Satan can bring to bear upon a soul, must be turned on to prevent the Christian from inquiring where God is and what is His will in the matter. As God breaks upon the world in new and hitherto unknown ways of working, Christian workers can only be saved from various forms of rejecting Him by dying to the work of God, on the altar of advancing consecration to the will of God. Thus Jesus, the Christian Worker, could not be tempted in all points unless He met this also, and let drop the work of God in single-eyed devotion to the will of God. Gethsemane the place, midnight the hour, He began to be exceedingly sorrowful, "even unto death;" "He sweat as it were, great drops of blood fall-

Christ in Training for First Resurrection

ing down to the ground." From such conditions death was now very, very imminent and He had not yet come to the cross, to hang upon which expiation of our sins was His pre-eminent work, His holy mission to earth. Hence He cried, saying: "Father, if Thou be willing, remove *this cup*, (the cup of premature death, before He had come to the place and hour of His sacrificial offering) from me." Oh, with what intensity of desire for the world's salvation He cried again and again and again to have *this cup* averted, that He might pass on and drink that other cup of the wrath of God on your sins and mine; and being in agony, He prayed the more earnestly. Hebrews 5 gives the subject matter of this prayer and its result. He prayed "to Him that was able to save Him from death;" the prayer was answered, "He was heard." Reason? "In that He feared," (margin, "for his piety," "for His subjection;" Alford, "for His reverent subjection.") Since His prayer to be saved from death was heard, it could not have been the death of the cross He was praying to be saved from, but a premature death there in Gethsemane which would forestall His mission of becoming the Savior of the world. Can we not see in that most blessed and holy mystery of the union of the two natures in Jesus, that of Mary and that of God, that as divine He knew all things, yet as human He was subject to

Resurrection Papers

surprises and confusion as we are? How terrible, with the holy call upon Him to die for a wrecked world, and to the outmost bounds of His nature a palpitating love for its lost souls, in one instant to have all His Christian-worker hopes dashed! With a certain knowledge that His sacrificial death was a lost world's only life, to give that sacrifice all up, and to drop out of human life, if such be the will of God, *nothing accomplished!* Oh, what depth of consecration this called for in the Christian human nature of Christ! In that nature He could not understand how this could be, why it should be. The perpetual reiteration, "not my will but Thine" as He prayed in an agony was a laying down of His life-work in consecration to the unknown will of God. "Being in an agony," the blood exuding from every pore, dissolution at hand, there appeared an angel from heaven strengthening Him to continue, "not my will but Thine be done." *Thus* He made His prayer, "to Him that could save Him from death," (Heb. 5:7) and was heard "in that He feared." Feared to die? Oh no. He had come to earth to die. "In that He feared" to hold on to life against the unknown will of God. Feared to hold on to His Christian work against the possible will of God. He let life go, He let His Christian work go that He might have "not my will but Thine * * * done." He had come to earth not preeminently for the

Christ in Training for First Resurrection

salvation of a world, but preeminently to do the will of God; "Lo, I came to do Thy will." If that will led Him otherwise than He thought, He must follow the will, not the work. God help us to get clear on first things first. "For His piety," that is, His subjection of His work to the unknown will of God, "He was heard." "Tho' He were a Son, yet learned He obedience, (that is, an ever-deepening quality of obedience—of course, there was never an atom of disobedience) by the things which He suffered," and "being *made perfect*, He became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." As a Christian worker He was "made perfect," by submitting the work of God to the will of God, and if He had not *thus* been "made perfect," He never could have had the Authorship of eternal salvation. It was necessary that He should lay down even the work of God for the will of God, in order to be that perfect man Christ Jesus, whom God could accept for the saving work of the cross of Calvary. The Father must make Him by His life-long victory in God over the flesh, in all things, at all points a *perfect man*, before He could carry Jesus to the tree and there make Him a perfect sacrifice.

Notice that in laying down the work of God to the will of God, He became united to that will so that it became possible for God to give Him the very work He laid down! In fact, it

Resurrection Papers

was His only road to that work. Latterly the writer has seen much of the dealing of God with many of His children on this very point. To illustrate—when the Latter Rain power and blessing struck a little company who had been going to a Salvation Mission, their speaking in tongues and various other demonstrations when the power of God came upon them frightened others of the mission and they soon froze these off, but their mission began to parch and finally went all to nothing and they came to this little Latter Rain company and asked them to buy the furnishings and reopen the place, which they did, on Pentecostal lines. Afraid of this “new thing,” they had held on to their work against the will of God and came to naught. In another vicinity God struck a large and flourishing work with His power, several came out in tongues and there was much blessing, but many who had hitherto been staunch supporters of this faith work were ready to leave unless the new manifestations of God were checked. The leader of the work however said, “We will stand by God, and let Him do what He will with us, we believe that while some will leave, our God is able to send in others.” Thus the work went through a sifting, but God has greatly enlarged it, and they are more prosperous there today than they were before. There may sometimes be self mixed with our desire for the prosperity of His work,

Christ in Training for First Resurrection

but when we die to the work that we may follow the whole will of God, a great thing is accomplished for all eternity.

There were still other and far deeper deaths that Jesus the Savior of mankind was to die on Calvary's cross, but He could not have come to that Savior's work had He not first been "made perfect" as man of God for only an absolutely perfect man could be accepted for that sacrifice. Nor would it have done for God to have sent Him to the earth, a perfect man, unable to feel the power of temptation, He must stand in the sinner's stead, feeling the pressure of a sin-broken nature, and getting the sinner's victory, that is, through grace, and not because of inherent strength, over that nature. But how in the sinner's nature could He be forever absolutely sinless? By living the life He wants you and me to live. All the way through it was, "I live, yet not I, but the Father, ("He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father;" "I and the Father are one.") As He has provided for us by the cross that it may be "I live yet not I but Christ," He lived the life in the flesh, against the flesh, above the flesh. He lived the divine life in the human nature. He really *lived* the life against the odds, and maintained the absolute victory of holiness which now He offers to live in any and every sinner. He can say always to every sinner, "I have met all this your life, and gone victoriously over it,

Resurrection Papers

I was tempted in all points like as you are, yet *without sin*, I can do it again. Let me in, let me do it *all*." Ah! in that little word *all* is the secret of His victorious earthly life. It was *all* God in His laid down human nature. In Hebrews 1:3 He is spoken of as "the brightness of His (Father's) glory, the express image of His person." (Substance, R. V.) The thought brought out here is one of blessed instruction. The Greek word here rendered "express image" is *characteer*, not character, but that which the written character makes; the impression made upon the wax table used in writing among the ancients, or the indentations made upon the yielding papyrus by the stylus, or the imprint made by the dropping of the die or seal upon the soft wax. It was the emptiness which let in the fulness of the seal or stamp. And were there as much as a *roseleaf of thickness* between the seal and the impress, it were not an exact *characteer*, not an "express image" everywhere and anyhow hollowed out to fit the fulness of the seal. Its fulness dropped into the *characteer's* emptiness as the fulness of the key fits into the empty spaces of the lock, as the hollowness of our jointsockets give play to the balls, so Christ in His mortal life perpetually gave place in His emptiness to the fulness of the Father. He renounced all independent thought or action, and just let, so to speak, God the Key, turn in Christ the Lock;

Christ in Training for First Resurrection

God the Ball, play in Christ the Socket. Thus does God say of Him delightedly, seeing His utter self-abnegation, "Who is blind but My Servant? or deaf as My Messenger that I sent? Who is blind as He that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's Servant? Seeing many things, but Thou observest them not; opening the ears, but He heareth not. The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake."

Here was coming one of Adam's race who should live absolute righteousness. The first Adam was made sinless, yet he fell into sin; the second Adam "made in the likeness of sinful flesh" never sins, but magnifies the holy law and makes it honorable. "Verily He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." Heb. 2:16. He came, however, in the power of the Lord's secret, with abnegated faculties to let another live all the life in Him. "He will magnify the law and make it honorable." He did. It was always anyhow kept by God in Him. Well may He say to you and me, "Learn of Me for I am meek and lowly in heart." He was the full overcomer in the flesh, and as "Leader of the file," (lit. Greek for "Captain of our Salvation," Heb. 2:10) waits to repeat Himself fully in you and me. He was the full overcomer, hence the "first-begotten from the dead." "He knoweth our frame, (for He has been in it) He *remembereth* that we are dust." He *expects*

Resurrection Papers

nothing from us, for in that frame He could do “*nothing*” as a Son of God. As He expects nothing from us, He would teach us to expect nothing from ourselves or each other, but put *all* our expectations in Him.

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part,
His, only His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!

“The disciple is not above his Master: but everyone *shall be perfected as his Master*,” (margin, Luke 6:40). As Jesus drew his mortal living from the Father, and was complete in the Father, *so* we are complete “in Him.”

Complete, oh sweet and heavenly word!
Which sinless angels never heard,
Complete, not in myself, but Thee,
“Yes, trusting soul, complete in Me.”

Faith
Reminiscences



I

GOD BACKING A TRAIN



IN ORDER to face the real problems of a faith life on the mission field, I cut free from my salary while in India, and voluntarily launched away on God for material supply. I was seeking then to lead some convicted Hindoos to Jesus, which meant for them a very literal forsaking *all*—caste (which involved social standing), property, wife, business prospects, etc. They were young college students; two or three of them were in an *agony* of conviction. While I quoted to them, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you," the Holy Spirit whispered within me, "Blaze the way for them yourself." We know how that is done in untrackable American forests. Thus I cut away.

I was then a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., and God made the first stepplings of faith for finances so easy. On every hand wonderful supply. No testings. Soon after my health failed, and dwelling far, far, in the interior among the dear Indian idolators, He made it necessary for me to come to Bombay and then on to America. However, it all ran so smooth-

Faith Reminiscences

ly; almost before I realized need, it was met. Thus I came to England and America with a glad shout of the faithfulness of my Jehovah-Jireh. Soon after reaching New London, Connecticut, much better in health, I met an old friend, a clergyman, who was deeply stirred for a life of entire sanctification, but who declared it could not be lived by the clergy, since to keep the experience (he had blessedly touched it once), one must preach it, and to preach it was to endanger one's safety in his charge and bring upon him hostile attitude from his brother clergy. "What of that?" said I, "We can not give up our friendship with God for place, or for friendship of man. The price is too great to pay—a stunted and dwarfed soul for eternity." "Yes, but you do not appreciate the situation; no church, no salary, and a wife and three babes to support!" I insisted it was safe to trust God and obey, regardless of consequences. There was to be a Convention in his church in the late Autumn, Would I come up and bring my fuller Gospel? "Yes, God willing." So things rested. However, when the Convention dates were sent me and an invitation to Vermont—for the first time since my 'faith-life' commenced I was lacking money. I could not write my friend that God had failed me after so vigorously urging him to trust God; moreover, I was persuaded that God wanted me there and would

God Backing a Train

send me. Through the few intervening days I watched every mail—no money. Then came a letter from a dear brother, G. M., in Putnam, Connecticut, which was on my line of travel to Vermont, but a very short distance on the way. Would I come to Putnam and have meetings for several days? This was a rich man who had a Gospel Hall. Oh yes, I saw the way out! In service in Putnam somebody would be moved to give me the money for my railroad ticket. I went with bounding steps to Putnam, though when I had bought my ticket I had only a few cents left. God opened the way to several of the churches as well as the Gospel Hall. At the close of each service people crowded around and thanked me, but *no money*. New experience to me, but God was withholding them from giving; He was teaching me something. I had a well-to-do unconverted uncle whom I called on at a stop-over *en route*. Frequently before this whenever I met him he put a little money in my hand, I expected it now. A pleasant call, no money! When I left God showed me that mine might be called a faith-life if my eye was upon Him *only*, but if my eye was upon man, it was little better than religious mendicancy, whatever I called it. God would save me from expecting from man, thus only could I be clean unto God.

It was Sunday night and we had returned from the last meeting. I was to start Monday

Faith Reminiscences

at four A. M. for Vermont. It was arranged that I was to be called at three A. M., then breakfast and be driven by my host to the train. So I bade the family good-by that night; as I did so, the old lady of the family pressed a bill into my hand. "Ah," thought I, "here comes my railroad fare," but on reaching my room I found it was but \$1; very interesting, but not much to the purpose for a \$12 or \$15 journey by rail and coach.

Now for two days God had been talking to me so tenderly of "taking no thought for the morrow," "your heavenly Father knoweth," "much more value than many sparrows," etc., but as I stood in that room that night with that one cold dollar in my hand, how the devil got after me. "What are you going to do tomorrow when you go to the ticket office window?" "What will you say to the clerk?" "A dollar and four cents for a ticket to Vermont!" "No, you will turn around and say to your brother, G. M., 'I haven't the money for my ticket.'" "Oh yes, he will give it to you, he is rich." "But what will become of your faith-life?" "Stumping the world a religious pauper." I knew it was Satan talking. I cried, "Now, Father, Thou hast said, '*Take no thought for the morrow,*' and if this command is obeyed Thou must take thoughts out of me or I shall not sleep tonight." I rose from my knees and went to my couch. Wonder of wonders! I

God Backing a Train

never knew when my head touched the pillow. I was awakened from my refreshing, babe-like sleep by a sharp knock at the door; "Three o'clock, Miss Sisson." Of all miracles that followed I count this dreamless repose the greatest. I hurriedly dressed and went to my breakfast. The devil tried to start some of the questions of the night before, but his power was broken. God had too deeply poised me in Himself for them to touch me. What a GOD we have! After the meal which was thoroughly enjoyed, Brother M. said, "We must have a word of prayer." On our knees a great rush of the quickening power of God (as he afterwards told me) came to him, "Lord," he said, "she does not ask for money, she asks for workers, but Lord, give her hundreds of dollars for the work." As he prayed the assurance dropped from heaven into my breast that it would be so, though I had only one dollar and four cents toward my railroad ticket. My soul was exultant, a very real God was dealing with me and I knew it. Without even any allusion whatever to money in all my public work (or private life), in the next six months I forwarded to the India field for God's work more than a thousand dollars; no doubt God's answer to that dear man's prayer.

The sleigh came to the door and we drove the mile to the train. Too early, ticket master not there. As we sat and talked of the things

Faith Reminiscences

of the kingdom, my friend said, "Let me see, you go through Worcester on your route, and have to wait there for an hour. I have a pass as far as Worcester, you can buy your ticket there and save a little." So it came to pass I never saw the face of that ticket-master at the little Putnam station. How the devil likes to lift up bugbears before the trusting child of God! Now he said, "You have never been in Worcester in your life before and know no one there; worse for you to be left penniless there than here." Enlargement and deliverance, however, had begun to rise within and without, and my soul was settled in a deep sweet peace. Brother M. stood talking with me as the train pulled out and we said our good-byes. I was *en route* to Northern Vermont with a pass to Worcester, \$1.04 in my pocket, serene peace in my soul. Hallelujah! What a Savior!

We had not run far when the train backed into the station. My friend rushed in and said breathlessly, "As the train moved out God spoke to me, 'You ought to have given my child some money.' It was just then so hard for me to get hold of ready money, and charities had been curtailed, but I cried, Lord if you want me to give, send the train back. It began to back immediately, and here is the money." No time for more, the whistle blew

God Backing a Train

and he was off, but he had left in my hand a roll of bills—I counted, it was \$50.

A course in a theological seminary could not have given me the equipment for that Convention which I had in this venture on God, and the revelation of His power, bounty and love, which came to me in this strait place. God knows how to train His souls, and often thinks as man-made institutions do not.

This testimony of our delivering God when written back to my friend G. M., set him shouting and adoring Infinite Goodness.

“Didn’t my Lord deliver Daniel?
And why not every man?”

II

PROVIDING FOR THE FAMILY



RETURNING to this country from years of service abroad, I found that my two sisters, energized by the same Holy Spirit who had sent me out to preach a free Gospel, had, one after the other, gone out into the Lord's work so extensively that it had caused the renunciation of their salaries as public school teachers and sent them pushing into any open doors in real aggressive Gospel service. But *aggressive* work for the Lord often means for the fervent but indigent child of God, "without purse or scrip," and many hardships. Thus it came to pass that when they came home from their frequent raids without money and threadbare, mother, who was already suffering the loss in the family of their salaries, drew on the tiny sum she had in the bank and clothed them, only to see them start out afresh and repeat the process. Hence it came to pass on my return to America in looking over circumstances, I found all family resources gone, only the little home left and the next imperative step, a mortgage. It was easy to figure how soon that would swallow up the house, and then the almshouse for my aged

Providing for the Family

mother, unless I should venture on some remunerative business-life whereby I could support her and keep up the little home. Oh, what pressure I came under!

On the one hand my call to Gospel work, the most distinct thing in my Christian life, and from the time of it there had always settled upon me a "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel;" and on the other, a tremendous push to go to money-making for the needs of my invalid parent and also for the house-mother sister who cared for her. Oh, how strong the voice was—"You have talents (it has never yet been proved), you could make money if you gave yourself to it. Circumstances of your family demand it. Remember, 'If any provide not for his own, and *especially for those of his own house*, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.'" I could not for a time discern which of these two pulls was the Lord's: both equally intense. The one I *had* known as the Lord's and had proved it in following, but the other commended itself to my judgment and practical common sense as now God's voice in change of circumstances; then, too, it had (or seemed to have) the authority of scripture. The more I reasoned in the matter the more confused I became and I could not abate the force of either demand. Then came a lonely day when apart with God with strong crying and tears, I went over the

Faith Reminiscences

thing again and besought the Lord to show me what was right. Must I neglect the family and go forward in Gospel work, or would it be true to God to turn to some money-getting scheme for their sakes? "Lord, You know, 'He that provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel and hath denied the faith,'" I groaned. At last broke a Voice in upon my turbulent heart, "All right, provide for your family." "Ah, Lord, may I, must I leave preaching the Gospel for the support of my family?" I exclaimed, half pleased, half terrified. "Yes, provide for your family *in the faith*," came back to me. "In the faith?" I could not seem to catch the meaning. "Yes, in the faith." "Have you not gone forth without purse or scrip these many years *trusting Me*? Have I not cared for you? Lacked ye anything when I sent you without purse or scrip?" "No, Lord." "Then, in the same faith, now provide for your family. You trusted Me to take care of you as you went forth at My bidding with a free Gospel. Have I failed you? I am the Lord of the whole earth, the gold and the silver are Mine and the cattle upon a thousand hills. Is it not as easy for Me to provide for four (just then there was returned from India an invalid missionary sister and her adopted Indian little girl) as for one? As you have trusted Me for one, will you

Providing for the Family

from henceforth trust Me for four? Will you thus provide for your family in the faith?"

Then my Lord and I entered into covenant, and let me here say, to the praise of His faithfulness, that never has He in the over thirty years since, failed me once. I have been niggardly in my faith toward Him, both for my personal supply and the supply for the family and thus I have limited His power toward us, for He says, "According to your faith be it unto you." I look back to see that both I and the family might have had very, very much more from the hand of His bounty had I always remembered,

Thou art coming to a King,
With thee large petitions bring.

Halting though I have been toward Him, inexpressibly tender has been my faith-life with the Lord, and a great factor in letting me into the depth, power and riches of His promises on every line. One has sung:

They that trust Him wholly
Find Him wholly true.

The roadway into His heart is plank after plank, Trust, Trust, Trust. One of the most beautiful things in that faith-life was the way God honored, all the days of her after life, my dear old mother, who held her breath from murmur, when first one then the other of her daughters had withdrawn from their salaried work, for soul seeking, and she drew bit by

Faith Reminiscences

bit her little all from the bank to stock their slender wardrobes, and renew them for campaigns when they had come home empty-handed and ragged from their "meetings." God saw to it that the most exquisite care and tender love waited upon her declining years. She was passionately fond of flowers; though we should have thought it an extravagance to use the Lord's money to buy them, He drew the hearts of the young of many circles toward her. It became quite the fashion to supply Mrs. Sisson with flowers or house-plants. The mortgage never came on "the little brown house under the hill" (as one of our friends had lovingly christened it). No mortgage during all my mother's long illness and many other experiences, and the house continues to shelter us and has become in this hour of hours of the world's crisis, literally, "a house of prayer for all nations."

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers—
It is very plain I know,
Without a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

Providing for the Family

But it keeps me warm in winter
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And when the springtime cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I love the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives a sparrow's portion,
And never a seed to keep.

If my meat is sometimes scanty,
Close pecking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And life is more than meat.

III

TOMBSTONES SPURTING GOLD



HAT was a severe winter in the State of Maine. God had sent me with others into Gospel service in the backwoods where "the ways of Zion mourned" and even the schoolhouses had not been opened for Christian work for years.

God poured out His Spirit and wrought there—backsliders reclaimed, souls saved, sick ones healed. After the revival was over and workers scattered, God showed me He wanted me to stay on among the people for a while "as a nurse cherisheth her children," for they were "as sheep having no shepherd." But when the weeks passed into months and still I had no liberty to leave, and had to refuse other calls which came to me, and there was and could be no money in this thing, the devil set in with heavy temptations. "You know that mother and the little family at home are dependent on what you send them. You know these poor dear farmer-folk have no idea that you need money; if they give you food and shelter while you stay they feel they are doing uncommonly well [for they never gave to the Lord 'till after they were quickened]; even did they desire to give you money, they

Tombstones Spurting Gold

have none. A silver dollar is as big as a cart-wheel here, they only trade in barter, etc." You understand how the devil can put a blue atmosphere around one. Day by day it was, "What has your mother and the family got to eat? For you know they will not go into debt. Why don't you get up and go somewhere? You have calls. You must consider your family. It is all nonsense to wait here for a 'leading' to go. You may stay here all the rest of your life, etc." Day by day Satan was nagging me, yet no release from the Lord to quit the little flock, and I telling Him I would rather die than miss His will, to hold me steady in the center of it.

Thus things went on for nearly three months when came a letter from an old friend (Mrs. Green) whom I had not even thought of for many months. It must have been the Lord who put me at that time in her mind and *my mother* of whom she knew little, and of whom her mother knew less. Mrs. Green did not know where I was, but the letter was forwarded. In it this Mrs. Minnie Green wrote: "The enclosed will explain itself, as I read it, there was a whisper in my heart: 'This is for Miss Sisson's mother;' to test the voice I read the letter to my own mother, Mrs. Fisher, and as I read mother said: 'Minnie, that is for Miss Sisson's mother.'"

Why should the thought of my mother come into Mrs. Fisher's mind; a person in whom she had hitherto taken no interest? It was God!

Faith Reminiscences

Mrs. Green resumed: "I have sent the check to your home, the letter, which explains, to you." Turning to the thus introduced document I found it was from a Christian physician to Mrs. Green. He said, "Many years ago our mutual friend, Mrs. H., was kind to me as a young medical student, she saw that I was working my way through college but scantily, and was poorly nourished. She offered me money; I refused to take it seeing no way of repaying. She urged it upon me as the Lord's money, saying if in after years the Lord gave me to pay it, good; if not, it was all right. It was given unto Him." The letter went on, "She died some fifteen years ago. I had never been able to replace the money, but in later years God has much prospered me and I have had the joy of frequent moneys put in His work, but somehow I longed that the original sum should be handed Mrs. Hughes. The next best thing was to give it to you, dear Mrs. Green, her most intimate friend, whom I have known for years as a dispenser of charities, and ask you to give it for her."

Thus came the \$40 which covered those sharp, sharp months. God had taken care! Satan was again proved a liar. I seemed to hear the Lord saying, "Will you ever doubt Me again? Do you not see that *I* can cause tombstones to spurt gold if necessary to provide for My own? But I can never, never break My promises."

In writing off the circumstances to the friend

Tombstones Spurring Gold

who had been God's instrument at this time for my deliverance, that her faith also might be quickened in the knowledge of His faithfulness, she replied, "Can the grave praise Thee?" But it does! "Hallelujah."

"Seek ye *first* (every hour, every minute, in *every* circumstance) the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things (what ye shall eat, what ye shall drink, wherewithal ye shall be clothed) SHALL be added unto you." "For your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."

IV

THE MONEY TOKEN



AT THE time of which I write we were three on the mission field in India, our comrade in the work, my sister and self. For some time this comrade and I had known that my sister's feeble health should take her off the field for our work's sake and her health's sake. But it was as death to her to contemplate leaving the work, her charge with the mission children and all the heavy burdens with us.

After a long talk with her in which it seemed impossible to make her see the necessity of going home (and one feared to push it, the brain, owing to her illness, was in such a delicate condition) I left her and turned to God in prayer. To my astonishment He showed me in a sort of vision a straight road to London, England, and made me know I was to accompany her. This seemed greatly to increase the difficulty, for if my sister was unwilling to go and leave us two to bear the burden of the work, how much worse for two of us to pull out and leave Miss W., our associate, alone! I shrank from even broaching the matter to my invalid; however, God held me to it inexorably.

I took the earliest opportunity of seeing Miss

The Money Token

W. alone, telling her what God had shown me. She was as much shocked as I myself with the plan and, I saw, doubted that it was a revelation from God. She did not say no, dear kind friend! but simply remarked: "If this be of Him, He must do for us, for there is not money in the treasury to send you both." She was treasurer and this was a new outlook to me. I turned from her and went to my room with a full heart to kneel before my Lord. My heart so ached, I knew not what to say, or how to order my words before Him, but I had scarcely knelt till I found myself saying: "Lord, if this is really You talking to me, give a moneyed token." I could say no more, I began to be so glad that it was impossible to go unless He did. Soon the joy took me off my feet and I again sought Miss W. to rejoice with her that God had thus shut me up, when I met her half way between her room and mine, an open letter in her hand. She said: "I was so distressed with the plan you had of leaving me I went directly to God with it and cried: 'Lord, if this be of Thee, give a *moneyed* token.' The words were scarcely out of my lips when hearing a step on the gravel walk outside of my window, I looked up, and there was the Collector's chaprassee.* He handed me this note."

*The Collector of the district with us in India is equivalent to a state governor in the United States. This one resided at Basim and was a Christian man. A chaprassee is a body servant.

Faith Reminiscences

Miss W. gave me the letter. I read: "As a thank offering to God for mercies received, I enclose fifty rupees for you to use in the mission for any present need." As just then we had money beyond all other pressing needs, it said to both of us: "I am your *moneyed token*." When we compared notes we found God at the same moment had put the same worded prayer in both our lips, having started the answer afoot from the Collector's house about two and a half miles away, and kept it walking till it arrived at our very door while we were praying. Both of us saw it was a case of: "Before they call I will answer."

Thus we had the courage to make it known to my sister. He who had begun to work, helped her over her hard place, and we calmly went forward with preparations for our voyages, yet not without much grace could we do so. Fifty rupees (less than \$25) was only a *token*. I had with me money for my own passage to England, the gift of a friend, and as God had shown me only a road to London, I inferred my sister would then be so far recovered that she could make her second voyage alone (which came to pass), but for her home going every bit of money in the treasury must be scraped. A building which was proceeding for a girls' dormitory, and which with its mud walls it seemed necessary to hasten and to get the roof on before the now expected rains, must therefore be stopped. My sister was too

The Money Token

ill to know the details. Upon me rested the onus of scraping up all the little monies of a destitute mission station and by that money running away to a land of plenty! Oh, those were days of agony! They would not have been had I more simply rested in *His faithfulness*. Over against every trial we have it written, "Jesus Himself knew what He would do."

Miss W. rose to a sublime height of joy and courage in God as she found herself stripped, building work stopped, etc., and kept saying: "Now we shall see what God will do." But the more triumphant she grew, the more mean and vile I felt, for I was the hand that was stripping her. Thus we separated and at the appointed time left for Bombay and our steamer. But lo! there was some hitch; our steamer was delayed and again delayed so that we were detained nearly two weeks in Bombay. We were uncomfortably situated. How mean I felt! How blue the days! While thus held in Bombay the American and European weekly mail came in; ours, of course, went to Basim, but as we kept on in Bombay it was forwarded to us and reached us two days before our actual sailing. Then we understood our detention.

One letter to my sister from a New York merchant enclosed the money for the double passages to England and America, and said: "God shows me you are to come; think well before you *dare* to refuse this provision and fail to come

Faith Reminiscences

home." We had time to return this money to Basim and restore to the depleted treasury all we had taken, and the delay in building had not been serious.

"When the Lord turned our captivity then were we like them that dreamed." So with our mouths filled with laughter and singing we sailed away. Observe—if our steamer had not been delayed those letters would have followed us to America before the check could have been cashed and returned to the mission. *That* delay would have been to the mission work a great disaster. *This* delay was to us all a great blessing. "When He putteth forth His sheep, He goeth before them."

"Let the fiery cloudy Pillar
Guide me all my journey through."

V

THE GUARDED SOVEREIGN



IN the providence of God, time came when He had led me as a worker to Bethshan, the first house of the Lord's healing opened in Great Britain. Faith for finances had here a closer testing than in America, for few in those days understood going out in Christian work looking to God alone for financial supply. It was generally understood if people were engaged in independent religious work, that they had a private income to enable them to do so. I stood between two precious Christian workers, each with her personal income. It was my joy there to stand, and never make a want known to the human, and demonstrate the faithfulness of God to supply.

On one occasion, called to go north to Bristol—a friend whose home was Bristol had promised to meet me at the train the day before the meeting, and journey with me. It was nothing to me to find when I counted my little money, that I had only tram fares to the railroad station, and ticket money to Bristol, nothing for return. I had proved God too often on these lines to fear. Thus gaily the next morning I sallied forth to the railroad station, bought ticket, and (according to

Faith Reminiscences

American custom) sat down in waiting room for my friend to pick me up. As the clock neared the moment of departure, she had not appeared. I saw the train on track getting up steam, and thought, "Why, she is running it very close!" I dared not move lest I might thus miss her, but kept my eyes on the two doors, the one by which she should enter to find me, and the other from which I saw the train just ready to move out. I did not know until afterward that she (according to English custom) stood on platform by the train, waiting every moment for me to keep my appointment and join her, and only as the train moved did she jump on. As I saw it move out, I realized I had lost the train, and no money even to pay tram fares back to the city. I lifted my heart to God and it came to me to go to ticket office and ask them to take back my ticket. They did so and this enabled me to get back to Bethshan, but with an appointment for meeting next day staring me in face, and but little more money than enough to pay trams back to the station; none for ticket, and I must rise very early in the cold winter morning to make it, so that I could hold my meeting that evening. It was all an impossibility unless I told one of my fellow-workers. How strong the temptation! Yet why had God put me in this house but for (among other reasons) to witness His faithfulness to His faith-workers? No! I could not open my mouth.

Then the accuser of the brethren, who is al-

The Guarded Sovereign

ways on hand when there is a trial, began to tell me, "There is something wrong in you or you would not be left in the lurch this way. God has never thus deserted you before," etc. Down on my knees I began to call on God, with strong crying and tears, to show me what was wrong and help me get right. In the midst of my tumult came suddenly a voice, oh, so clear, "Go up in the room you occupied last year, and look in your old writing desk." Had I stopped to reason I would have said, "Why, that room has been emptied and cleaned from thirty to forty times in this over a year" (for guests did not usually remain with us over a week), but I sprang to my feet and went up and looked in a closet and found in it the old broken-down desk, discarded when I changed rooms and left to be carried away as rubbish. I opened it now with trembling hands, and found in an inner drawer, *all open to the public*, a precious sovereign (\$5.00 gold piece). As I looked at it I thought, "Surely, God has just dropped this in here from heaven!" You had better believe I had both a spiritual and providential anointing for my Bristol meeting next day! What a glad service it was, and with what joy I could talk of *Him*. The spirit independent of all but God, and *so* dependent upon Him, with which one walks with God for finances!

It was a year later that the mystery of the gold piece was solved. Then I had a letter from a distant foreign mission field in which the writer

Faith Reminiscences

said, "Forgive me for putting so indelicate a question, but some two years ago when passing through London and Bethshan, I was in your room and dropped a sovereign in your writing desk. I have often been charged by the enemy with folly for this, and told you never got it, likely some housemaid found and appropriated it," etc. Well she might in all that time! How many new maids, coming and going, we had had in that long year, in which the rubbishy piece of broken-down furniture stood, unremoved, unlocked, in that closet! But God! The consecrated moneys of His precious missionary-child were all too dear to Him, as also the need of His other little one. He sacredly guarded the treasure, and fitted the gift and the need together in His own wonderful way. "His Name shall be called WONDERFUL!" And when the missionary friend added, "Did you ever find it?" the story came out, which made the double delight of giver and receiver, who alike saw HIM.

"But what is the gain," I hear some one ask, "of such a life of faith—if you call it faith? Wherein is it more useful to God than life on a salary? Indeed, how can it compare favorably with life on a salary where one is free from all this wear and tear of uncertainty which comes from being minus money every now and then?" We would like to answer this question, which is most pertinent, *from the Word of God*, in our next.

VI

THE PRIESTHOOD AND ITS MAINTENANCE



THE Old Testament Priesthood is full of beautiful typical teaching for us.

“Levi hath no part or inheritance with his brethren; *the Lord* is his inheritance.” (Deut. 10:9.)

So the tribe of Levi, the priestly tribe, could not engage in business and make money like their brethren. “At that time the Lord separated the tribe of Levi to bear the Ark of the Lord, to stand before the Lord to minister unto Him and to bless in His Name.” (Deut. 10:8.) Doubly separated unto the Lord. First: in common with all Israel separated from the outside world, “For Israel was not numbered among the nations.” So Christians today (*real* Christians, God’s spiritual Israel) “are not of the world.” Second: separated from all Israel by a burden of solicitude and by a burden of blessing for all Israel, which precluded interest in other affairs. Typically it expressed, “The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up.”

Were those Levites poor? Were they rich? Both.

“Levi hath no part, nor inheritance with his brethren, the Lord is his inheritance, according as the Lord thy God promised him.” And what

Faith Reminiscences

had the Lord promised him? While forbidding them in connection with their services to take anything from their brethren, He would give the priestly tribe their portion from the burnt offerings and sacrifices Israel made to Him, "Holy things reserved from the fire." (Num. 18:9). Thus we see in the Jewish economy how closely shut up to God was the priesthood, *God* forevermore between them and the people. The people could not serve themselves of the priests. The priests had no temptation to curry favor with the people. Israel must bring offerings to God, and out from those sacrifices made by fire to God He gave their due portion to His priests. All this is an exact type of His spiritual priesthood.

They do not take tithes of the people; freely they have received, freely they give. "Without purse," "without scrip," "without sword," was His instruction when He sent out the seventy, and it was after His own pattern, as with the twelve He walked up and down in Judea, Galilee, and Samaria; He took no thought what He and they should eat, drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed, and *His Father* showed Him a fish from whose mouth He should obtain the money for the tax gatherer, or stirred the hearts of some women who ministered to Him of their substance. John the Baptist, as His forerunner, must be absolutely independent of the people that he might unflinchingly deliver his message to the

The Priesthood and Its Maintenance

hour of his martyr-death. Thus he was in the wilderness until his showing to Israel, and his clothing was camel's hair, and his food locusts and wild honey.

Yes, truly in the Christian dispensation God bade His people "concerning the collection for the saints . . . upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." Be sure that to a convert from Judaism it could never be less than the tenth of the prosperity God had given in the past week, for down the generations of their national existence had ever sounded the law of God "concerning the tithes" . . . "the tenth shall be the Lord's." (Lev. 27:32.) This the Israelites could not *give* the Lord, for it was always His, but as Malachi showed them they could of it rob the Lord by withholding; so having handed to the Lord His own, the tenth, they went in to *give* Him thank-offerings, etc., to that amount that at the end of the year, the average Jew under the old economy had brought God two-tenths, one-fifth of all his income; and in proportion as they gave to Him, God smiled upon them and *blessed all their store*. He does so still to His children of this Gospel dispensation.

But while in the early church Paul bade the people lay by as God had prospered them, yet the eye of the spiritual priest was not to be upon that, but (as Paul himself was a notable example) upon God Himself for the supply of all;

Faith Reminiscences

laboring with his own hands if necessary, or suffering need, that he should not be "burdensome" to the church or come at all under its control, in giving the message of the Lord among them. In the New as in the Old Testament, the Lord is Levi's inheritance, and if Levi of the spiritual priesthood has his eye upon *God only* as his inheritance, how will God give out that inheritance to him? Just as He promised to literal Levi of old, from the burnt offerings and sacrifices to Himself, "all the best of the oil," "the best of the wine and the wheat," the "heave shoulder," and the "wave breast." Ah! they should feed in the riches, the strength, and the affections of God!

None have passed into the spiritual priesthood but have experienced the faithfulness of these blessed types. So it is that we go forth without purse or scrip, with no provision for self, looking for nothing but the guidance of His eye, and the provision of His hand. Oh blessed independence of everything human! Oh blessed *utter* dependence upon God alone! Truly such feed on the "heave shoulder," the strength of Jehovah Jesus, and on "the wave breast," the very heart of God. Shut up to God as our only means. He becomes to us "Lord of hosts," yea, all the hosts of the nether, upper, and this world are under His hand. He can use devils as He did to test and bless Job, He can use angels as He did to instruct and strengthen Daniel; He can use a mosquito, or a gnat to turn in our favor the affairs of a king-

The Priesthood and Its Maintenance

dom, as perhaps He did to rob Nebuchadnezzar of sleep when of him it was written, "that night he could not sleep." And on that sleeplessness hung all the events which wrought deliverance to the Jewish nation.

Hallelujah! What a God to be *shut up to*! No purse, no scrip—but God!

In
Trinity College

I

THE HOLY GHOST AND FIRE



HAVE been asked to write out my experience on the fire line, and do so to the glory of God.

I was converted when twenty years of age, in 1863, in New London, Conn., U. S. A., and joined the Second Congregational Church. It was a powerful conversion. God then gave me the full assurance of faith that I was born of the Spirit, an assurance undisturbed by doubts in all these thirty-four years' walk with God, save a few hours of a wandering mind in a fit of illness.

I had been converted but a few weeks when my attention was called to the keeping power of God through Jesus made of God unto us sanctification. I sought and obtained this wondrous experience. My mouth was full of laughter and singing. I could not say too much of the completeness I found in Jesus my Savior. In Him I was as free as a bird. I asked nothing. I seemed to soar a thousand miles above all I knew to be sin. He made it constant victory. But how long! Soon I heard the whispers among Christian people, "She thinks she is holier than we." I was despised

In Trinity College

for what was considered self-righteousness. Satan suggested, "Live it; say nothing about it." Thus I tried to save my reputation. I became silent, and soon lost the light God had so gloriously kindled in my soul.

Seven years later, on the eve of going to India as a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., I felt I must know again the mighty keeping power of God's sanctifying grace at any cost. In those last days of packing and preparation for my journey, God sent to our town Rev. W. S. and Mrs. Boardman and Miss Drake to hold what was in those days (1871) a novelty, a holiness convention. He graciously permitted me to attend, and after a public confession to my townspeople of my previous victorious experience, and loss of it through base desire to preserve my reputation, God most tenderly met me again, baptizing me with His Spirit, and taking me into closest relation with Himself. Oh, how He manifested Himself to me, on shipboard and in the lonely land of strangers and heathen homes!

The time passed on in busy working for the Master in India, and afterwards in Great Britain in a house of the Lord's healing (Bethshan, London). For God had healed of incurable disease my body, and let me know the joy of the Holy Ghost life in it, and the joy of thus recommending Him to others.

In 1887 he brought me to this country and

The Holy Ghost and Fire

into service in the city of Chicago. In writing, teaching, and meditating on the Holy Ghost life, I often wondered what was meant by "the fire," in John the Baptist's words—"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Bless God for His infinite condescension and grace, I was destined to know. In my case, however, there was to be a great emptying before the filling.

In connection with the Lord's work in our hands we had an annual convention, called in 1889, in the month of June, at Western Springs. For months previous to this gathering I had been possessed with an all-devouring hunger for more of God. I knew not what I was after, for I had passed all the definite mile-stones set up in my theories of the pathway into God. He was my Savior in fullest assurance of faith. He was my Sanctification in daily experiences of life for service. I walked in the power of the Holy Ghost. I was in unbroken communion with Him, walking in His undimmed presence, up to the highest notch of all the grace He had ever revealed to me, and yet there was a wordless groan in my soul after God that it seemed could not intensify were I a lost soul just sinking into hell. It was a very interior though all-devouring hunger. I was never so still in my life.

In Trinity College

In one of the first calls at the convention, to Christians seeking sanctification to come to the altar, at the risk of being misunderstood, because prominently before the people as one of the callers of the convention and one of the leaders and teachers on these very lines, I rushed forward, saying, "There is more of God for me, and I must have it."

I found, as they followed suit, that I had voiced the need of many another worker and teacher. It was a wonderful service to my soul. I distinctly felt—i. e., knew—that in the act of obedience something gave way in my spirit before God as never before. I could not tell what He had done for me, but I realized a luxury of abandonment to Him that was new. Still He was leading the blind by a way she knew not. He had a test prepared for me that would launch me far out and enable me to cut away shore lines.

Among the large body of Christian workers that filled our platform that day was a young lady, secretary to a prominent writer. Her case, with its difficulties, was confidentially known to a little inner circle, and stirred all our tenderest sympathies. Many precious touches of God had been upon her spirit from time to time for years, yet a taste for strong drink, acquired in youth *through a doctor's prescription to ease pain*, was a tiger let loose in her appetites. Again and again she fell under

The Holy Ghost and Fire

its power, only renewedly to rise and cast herself upon God. We who knew her sin and her sorrows had been holding in God by faith for deliverance for nearly two years.

The morning of which I speak—next day after the altar service where God had so met me—this young woman, whom for convenience I will call A, with another was to sing a duet. Simultaneously a note was passed to me from the one to whom she was secretary, saying, "Hold for some victory of God in A. She is in blank despair this morning."

Seated at the back of the platform, all unobserved, I had closed my eyes, and was having a definite transaction with God over A. I asked, and by faith received, a working of God with her there. I remember stretching out my hand and closing my fingers over the answer, as if it were something material, received to sense, and thanking God for it, so definite was my faith.

While thus praising Him, an inexpressible sweetness fell upon my spirit, and something which I thought was faintness got hold of my body. Not recognizing a connection between the two, I tried to rouse myself into my usual vigor of mind and body, and in an instant I was back again, and all alive to life around me. But, oh, the darkness that fell upon my soul! Feeling that I had committed some sin, I

In Trinity College

knew not what, I looked up to God and cried, "What is it? What have I done?"

"You cannot trust Me," was the solemn rebuke.

With consciousness of trust in Him as the very spring of all my life, I said, "But, Lord, I do trust Thee in everything."

"No, you cannot trust Me to bless you in My own way."

The answer was clear, distinct; and the light fell upon that shaking off of the weakness or faintness, as I called it, which accompanied His heavenly blessing. Instantly I felt a great recoil to be blessed in that way. Innumerable fears vexed me, that if I should yield I might be carried, I knew not whither. I had always had a strong self-control. Even in a dentist's chair, I would use nothing that would take me out of my self-holding, and I feared to give up my own control, even to be overpowered by God Himself! How deeply I was convicted of distrust in Him! Yet there was such a struggle before I could even pray that God would make me at that hour what He wanted me to be. He was before me in Spirit with the question, "Would I be willing to let Him bless me, even by overpowering my spirit with His Spirit?" But, oh, if Satan should come while I was beyond self-holding, and make me do some monstrous or fanatical thing! was the bugbear fear with which I withstood

The Holy Ghost and Fire

my Lord. At last I said, "Lord, give me a promise to stand on, and Thou shalt have Thy whole way with me." "He that was begotten of God keepeth him, and the evil one toucheth him not" (1 John 5 18, R. V.), flashed into my mind, with great light on the faithfulness of Christ the only-begotten Son of God, my Keeper. How could a God of such faithfulness let Satan have what I abandoned to Him? It swept all fear away.

My whole being let go to God as I had never known the possibility before. I was away with God, "whether in the body or out of the body" I did not take reckoning. It was probably but a few seconds, but it seemed an eternity of His Holy presence, when the Lord approached me. I saw nothing, but I felt His approach as a Person, and, standing before me, He spoke into my spirit as clearly as a human being might speak to the mortal ear, "When they have done singing (for they were going on with the duet), go to A, and say quite loudly, so that all can hear (there were now perhaps 1,000 assembled in the tent; it was crowded), 'If you will confess to the people and ask them to pray for you, God will now come and deliver you.'"

In an instant there was a recoil in my whole being to which the other was mild. A torrent of thoughts and objections rose up within me.

In Trinity College

Oh, what a foolish plan! That will never do. A is so reticent, refined in her instincts, withal so high-spirited. Why, it would be the very way to defeat the end desired, etc.

When the rapid action of my mind had spent itself, I came to silence. God, as a Person, imperturbable, was quietly waiting before me. Shall I ever forget the majesty of that hour? It was burned into me that I had to do, not with a plan, but a God. What would I say to Him? In my soul the stillness deepened in His awful presence. *He* was waiting. What should I say?

But the plan was so foolish! Besides, I felt it was in a way a breach of confidence thus to expose her. The struggle was intense—the desire to please God and the revolt from the way. In the radiancy of His presence, felt but not seen, I was held.

At last my heart said, "Give me a prayer to pray, dear Lord."

"Make me willing for Thy way," came with it. "My thoughts are not your thoughts," for "the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of man."

I felt my spirit being lifted over to God's side in the matter, only a little fear how she would take it remaining, and I said, "Lord, give me another prayer."

At once I felt at liberty to cry, "Lord, prepare her for my coming, and I will go."

The Holy Ghost and Fire

I knew in an instant it would be so. And let me say here that when all I am about to relate had passed, dear A. said, "While I was singing I was told Miss Lizzie was coming and something would happen to me."

My whole being now in deepest rest, I listened for the last line of the hymn, and with its very last I rose in God. I cannot describe it, but it seemed as if God was walls around me, ground beneath me, ceiling over me. Thus shut in, I went forward to the front of the platform, and, with my face on A. and back to the congregation, I repeated quite loudly, so that all could hear, as He had told me, my message from the Lord. Had I been an automaton, I could not have moved more mechanically, or with less sense of responsibility.

As my human reason had foretold, she thrilled with indignation, and stiffened in my embrace. She seemed a rod of hot iron. I felt her fiery spirit leap out upon me from every pore of her flesh. I was unmoved. Imbedded in God! The affair was His, not mine. "Such grace to me was given." As I stood in simple mechanical obedience before the resistance of this fiery spirit, suddenly heaven opened above my soul, and from the throne of God came flowing down great streams of love in hot tides—a heat of Divine love that, in comparison, made her spirit seem cool. Through, and through, and through me, swept

In Trinity College

the Divine currents, and out upon her in such words as God gave.

I knew very little about it—automatically used. The Spirit clothed Himself with me that hour! (Judges 6, 34, R. V., margin.) I was pre-occupied with the amazing revelation that was being made through my being, that “God is love.” By her drooping upon my shoulder weeping, my attention was recalled to A. “Love’s resistless current sweeping” had borne away all the heat of her indignation, and, bruised and broken, she lay sobbing in my arms. She afterwards said to a friend, “I never knew Miss Lizzie loved me so.”

Ah! it was no love of mine. As much, perhaps more, a revelation to me than to her; and now the heavenly tides turned all to love’s divinest strength of encouragement, as I besought her to obey the Lord. He would certainly free her now.

After a few minutes, or seconds, perhaps—for I am aware all this takes more time in telling than it did in passing—she raised her head and confessed to the wondering congregation that she was among them “a hypocrite and a sinner, etc.,” would they pray for her deliverance? then fell on her knees, calling on God for mercy. It is safe to say nearly the whole audience was instantly in the same position. The place was rocking with the power of God. There was weeping everywhere, and such

The Holy Ghost and Fire

praying! But upon me, as I essayed to receive by faith her deliverance, fell the most severe spiritual and physical struggle of my life. I seemed carried away out in a conflict among the spiritual forces of good and evil, and as I sought there to touch the throne of God with faith's finger, Satan leaped upon my body. I could with difficulty breathe, and fell writhing to the floor. It seemed long ere, empowered of God, I broke the dark forces withstanding me, but as I did, the power that caused my suffering fell off my body except one arm, and I rose to my feet, begging the people to take with me by faith her deliverance.

As many of them began to realize their privilege, and thus come over to the victory side, she rose radiant, declaring it was done.

In the meantime, that evil power, that had still hold of my right arm, was twisting it into inconceivable positions. It was lame in the socket for a couple of days thereafter.

But as A. rose to her feet, the last vestige of this fell away from me, and the hot tides from the heavenly land began to fall again through my being; but now it was all Glory. I was dazed with the Glory of God.

Capt. Kelso Carter, of Baltimore, had been announced to preach that morning, as Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, had the day pre-

In Trinity College

vious; but everything seemed swept from the boards by the Holy Ghost.

Many since have told me how wondrous was my talk at an altar service, at that hour. I, however, was responsible for none of it, for Another used me, while so pre-occupying me with Himself and His glory, that I have since no recollection of what was said or done among the people.

As I staggered about the platform, filled with unutterable glory, I could but say to myself, "Oh, this is the Holy Ghost *and fire*. Why, I am drunk—drunk with God and glory!"

Suddenly there flashed in upon me the account of Acts 2: "These men are filled with new wine."

"No wonder," I thought, "they called them drunk!" There was new light on how they all appeared that morning in Jerusalem! Yes, the ascended Jesus, "having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear."

Glory! Glory! Glory! to his ever-blessed name.

The whole time that elapsed from "the glory of the Lord" thus gathering me up (Isa. 8:8, margin) till He lifted the power, and let me down again amidst the passing events of life, was about three and a half hours.

I had always been greatly opposed to all

The Holy Ghost and Fire

demonstration and excitement in religion, and when all was over, my gratitude to my heavenly Father was unbounded, that He had put this marvellous demonstration *through* me, ere He put it *before me in another*.

It was a joy to bear any ridicule and loss of respect that came to me through this public demonstration of the power (1 Cor. 2:4) of the Holy Ghost, God had seen fit to grant upon me. I could meekly remember that before God had so handled me, I, too, would have despised the same demonstration in another.

But, oh, how wily is Satan! For some months he succeeded in robbing me of some of the lessons my Father was teaching me. For I thought (how Satan helps our thoughts!) this was a thing not often to be spoken of, lest it bring other souls into bondage, seeking a like experience, which, of course, they will never get!

It was an exceptional dealing of God with me for another; special power for special service.

God is not likely ever to repeat any such thing, etc.

But as the weeks rolled into months I was astonished to find the effects of this fiery baptism upon me were permanent, and far greater than any power it had over A., or any others who were that day blest at the Western Springs Convention.

In Trinity College

My whole being was responsive to God in a new way. I was in the Holy Ghost before, but now, oh, how different! In trying to explain it to myself, it seemed the Holy Ghost wrapped around me as the atmosphere the folded bud, but now that same blessed Holy Ghost atmosphere had warmed every petal to unfolding, till it lay a full blown rose, luxuriating in the heavenly atmosphere, its very heart all response to God.

We all know language is lame and language is tame. I only speak comparatively, for I should have said previous to this that my whole heart was in response to God. It certainly found no response to any but Him. Now, however, there seemed some new capacities Godward.

Yet there was little change in my teaching on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. No urging others to seek the holy fire, thinking it was a peculiar experience God had given me, until in November of the same year, I attended Mrs. Woodworth's meetings on the West Coast.

Here in Oakland I heard her boldly voicing and allowing others to testify to experiences that I could not but recognize as similar to what God had put through me. And in proportion as the privilege was urged upon all to come under the power and fire of the Holy Ghost, *the witnesses to it increased.*

The Holy Ghost and Fire

Alone in my own room, flat on my face before God and His open Word, what days I had as I searched out His will in this matter! It was going to mean much to me, to go back to Chicago and teach this power and fire, for I saw in proportion as the power increased in that Oakland work, the Satanic rage increased around it.

But God settled many things so securely in His Word, that I could not go back from the experience and teaching of the fire of the Holy Ghost, not even when Satan came not only *upon* the work, but *into* the work, as he did somewhat in Oakland before it ended. But this lesson was needed, and perhaps to me most needful of all.

“Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits.” “Many false spirits are gone abroad.” From this I learned that there were false spirits, so there was false power and false fire, and *that upon every new plane of life God puts us, a fresh devil will there contend with us.* Too wise to meet us with what Jesus has conquered for us *before*, Satan assails our *inexperience*, and, as an angel of light, he counterfeits the real.

Alas for those who fall into the counterfeit! Alas for those who, seeing the counterfeit, fall into Satan’s trap by confusing the real with the false! Both are crippled for Christian life, and liable to suffer dwarfage in the higher

In Trinity College

forms of Christian development. There is a Scylla and a Charybdis here. But God, rich in mercy, can restore such. For a time I fell into the counterfeit, by believing some prophecies uttered by one under a power, which I took for the power of the Holy Ghost. The prophecies proved false. I was guilty of an error of judgment, and in the recoil that came among Christian workers all over the United States about those false prophecies, I was spiritually beheaded, because as an actual eyewitness of the power of God displayed in those meetings I could not but (letting God sift things for me) stand *by the true* as well as *against the false* therein.

And now I learned the mighty benefit of the baptism of fire as power to suffer. Blessed, thrice blessed, is he who knows the fire of the Holy Ghost as *power for service!* But what shall I say of him who feels within him the fire of love as *power to suffer?* The fellowship of His suffering (Phil. 3:10) is a greater gift than the fellowship of His service. God, who is a liberal Giver, withholds neither. Bless Him!

Through general distrust of me on the above account, from a wide sphere of service I sank into comparative obscurity. In the inconspicuous corners where God put me, He made my heart to sing as He showed me He was not after *quantity*, but *quality*, in the work of God; and I had the joy of seeing souls brought out,

The Holy Ghost and Fire

under a fire of the Holy Ghost, on far deeper lines than ever before my privilege in any service with Him.

One thing more: God has taught me it is not a baptism of fire in the power of which we walk henceforth, but that while we live in Him, walking in all obedience, all abandonment to Him, He will teach us *ever-deepening abandonment*, and from time to time, at His sovereign will, *there might come mightier avalanches of fire upon our abandoned spirit*.

As, for instance, God came upon me, at the close of a convention in Old Orchard, some years ago, and the power of the Holy Ghost was not lifted from about half-past ten one night until a quarter to four next afternoon, and resulted in a great gathering of God's people upon their knees, in an all-night and all-day meeting of much blessing. Next year at a noon prayer meeting in John Street, New York, I heard a clergyman say that two hundred ministers received the Holy Ghost at that Old Orchard meeting.

I have no means of knowing of the exactness of this statement, but it is true that since that day I have continued to meet both clergy and lay people from North, South, East, and West, who in that meeting received a mighty inletting into God. I perhaps knew less of what was being done in the meeting (except as God showed it to me in the Spirit) than any-

In Trinity College

one present, never having met the visible leader, Benjamin Luscomb—a warrior who has since fallen on Africa's mission-field—nor did I see his face till taken out of the power of the Spirit when the meeting closed, nor learn his name till the next day. It was much the same with my relations to others. I was transported in the immediate presence of God; like a great bell ringing in the Divine hand, "Victory! Victory! Victory!" As He kept me thus, in the power of the Spirit, on the victory side the people fell under Him.

Again, when laboring one time on the island of Nantucket, I was conversing with an infidel, in his home, the power of God came mightily upon me, and his invalid mother, who had not walked a step or stood for twenty-two years, lacking a month or two, was instantly filled with the same mighty power, and, shouting "Glory to God!" came out of her bed, into the room in which a number of us sat, perfectly healed. Addressing her son, she said, "Mark my words, George; I shall yet walk the streets of Nantucket, leaning on your arm, and you converted to God." The miracle shook out his infidelity, the Holy Ghost began to convict of sin; three months from that day he was baptized in the Atlantic Ocean, she standing by. We have no right to discount God's operations because they fall outside of our experiences, or even our philosophies, *if they yield the fruit of the Spirit*; "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Holy Ghost and Fire

There may be others like myself. I bound God in with a hoop of my theories and my experience, but lo! when He opened my eyes, I found God was greater outside of my hoop than He ever had been in it.

I am convinced there is a boundless reservoir of grace in the "diversities of operations" (1 Cor. 12:6) of the Holy Ghost, that Satan's cunning hides from the people of God. "If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know" (1 Cor. 8:2). "Quench not *any* manifestation of the Spirit" (1Thes. 5:19, Rotherham).

Oh, I feel to call upon my soul and all that is within me, to go on with God to all the mighty things of the Spirit as He shall be pleased to lead. We have gone but a little way with God. May the writer and reader of this humble account of His past grace be "strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in (our) hearts by faith, that, (we) being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with *all* the fullness of God."

PUB. NOTE.—This is the reprint of a tract written about fifteen years ago. In the light of the "new thing" God is now doing in the earth—viz., the gift of Pentecostal fire, with "new tongues,"—the author has kept pace with God's movings and experienced the "latter rain" droppings.

II

JEWEL JOINTS



N ONE of those inimitable descriptions of the Bride given in the book of Canticles, that precious mystical book of Christ, the Bridegroom sings of the "jewels of her thighs," Sol. Song 7:1. Many wonderful things are said of her exquisite spiritual beauty, but love-ly as are all her ornaments, and rich as are the symbols used to describe her spiritual graces, no word so choice as that given to the *joints*. "The joints of thy thighs like jewels;" joints, the unseen, covered forces. Jewels are they? If so, seen only by that Eye before which all is open and naked. The thigh is a source of great strength in all its movements, but it is powerless if its joints go stiff.

What is the secret power which moves the various members of the body? In nature, the joints; in the mystical Body, the prayer-joints. These when in proper action are jewels to the eyes of the heavenly Bridegroom.

In all earthly dominions there are jewels too precious for any but the King: crown jewels, such as the Orloff, Great Mogul, Sancy, Kohinoor, etc. Notice the Kohinoor before cut weighs 186 carats; after, 102½. Great Mogul before

Jewel Joints

cut 787½, after 240 carats. Instead of hand-cutting which would have required years, the Great Mogul was reduced in a laboratory with a four horse-power turned on the precious gem, and thus was cut in thirty-eight days. This speaks of prayer-drill as God knows how to give it, and in these last, most momentous days God is putting horse-power and steam-power upon the willing saints, finishing the work fast.

We are told of the Orloff that in some parts of the work *to grind out a deep flaw* the wheel made three thousand revolutions per minute (always bearing about in the body, the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." II. Cor. 4:10). The uncut Orloff sold for \$10,000; cut, for \$60,000; still further cut for \$450,000. God in some is going to have more than "diamonds in the rough." Christians, will we stand it? May He cut us as jewel-joints? Kings have been known to give their choicest gems to some great artist of the stage or of music. So Christ gives His choice jewel, prayer-work, to those who are willing to be trained for it.

Of this training we have an illustration in the cherubim; those wonderful types of perfected humanity. Cherubim in the temple were seen everywhere, on the walls of the Holiest, carved on the doors, embroidered on the curtains, molten as ornaments on the great lavers of cleansing, etc., for all things must go by the cherubim, thus

In Trinity College

teaching that salvation's plan moves forward by His people; proportionately as His life matures in them can His plan move by us. So of perfected humanity there are many advancing grades as we consent to let the Lord take us still further *down and out*.

In the Holy of holies Moses was bidden to make two immense cherubim of choice wood overlaid with pure gold, whose outspread, conjoined wings should fill the whole space from side to side, high up near the ceiling. They should look outward upon the great congregation gathered there. All this spoke of natures that had become choice through grace, but constantly covered of Christ—the Pure Gold; unity at last, “their wings kissing one another.” High up, the *earthly* all beneath them! With uplifted wing and outward gaze, intense activity, intense sympathy symbolized. Precious matured Christian workers!

But cut down figures of the same; cherubim, oh, so comparatively small (Ex. 25:17-20) were underneath them, whose *one* business was, looking down upon the mercy seat, and the ark of the covenant within it. In these smaller cherubim where was the mighty breadth of expanse shown in the precious wood of the structure of the glorious cherubim above them? Gone. Where was the active relation to the vast outside congregation of Israel? Gone. How insignificant their vocation! How shrunken their dimension! But

these were *all* gold, and "OF ONE MATTER WITH THE MERCY SEAT." ("Enoch was not;" "Not I. but Christ;" "Christ Who is your life.")

Does not this show how God sometimes deals with the jewel-souls whom He is deepening in the prayer-life? Seeming great loss, but wondrous gain. For mark how God says, "There I will meet with thee and there will I commune with thee from above the mercy seat, *from between the two cherubim*, which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel." Ex. 25:22. "Oh thou that dwellest *between the cherubim*, shine forth!" Is not this the cry of the Spirit through the ages? And has He not been ever delayed in the shining forth, because He has not had the *dwelling place* between the cherubim? We have given Him ourselves matter for the larger cherubim in the glory of their blessed Christian activities, but when He would cut closer and make us *one matter with the mercy seat only*, we have not understood the reducing processes and therein have hindered Him.

The most exquisitely noble of all lovers, JESUS, in bringing forth the bride-nature in us, will have nothing that we reluctantly yield Him. He can wait upon our tardiness with the patience of a God, but He cannot in these upward processes pluck our half consent as an unripe fruit, or an unopened flower. Hence He has not yet had a place from whence to "shine forth" in the

In Trinity College

fulness of His salvation-glory. Among the children of men, will not that shining forth be when Jesus' prayer is answered, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me, through their word; that they ALL MAY BE ONE; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be ONE in us; THAT THE WORLD MAY BELIEVE that Thou hast sent Me." "I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made PERFECT IN ONE; *that the world may know* that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved me." The world waits to see the divinity of God displayed in His "Church which is His body."

How shall this full maturity and unity of His body be accomplished? By "that which every joint supplieth." The whole body is fitly joined, compacted, increased, built up, in love (its only life) by the "effectual working" of these blessed joints: jewel-joints.

Illustrate? It was the writer's privilege to be in some meetings with two Pentecostal missionaries from Africa. She could not keep away from those meetings in which they appeared because there was sure to be blessing; and yet they were strangely handicapped, not recognized, not given place to teach or speak, for they were surrounded by those who were afraid of "Pentecost and tongues." Alone with this man and his wife one day she began to indignantly exclaim about the way they were treated. They both laughed

Jewel Joints

gleefully, saying, "Why don't you know there is a visible and invisible priesthood in the Lord's realm? There may be the priest, the outward leader of the meeting, but God may otherwise appoint a spiritual, invisible priest who, anointed, *holds the meeting for Him*, in prayer, in faith, and to *that priest* the Lord responds and makes the place to bud and blossom as the rose." They were too modest (had too much of the invisibility of "joints," jewel-joints) to say so, but then I saw why each meeting in which they sat, cold and spiritless, and heavy as it might be at the beginning and on for a while, mayhap, *finally* ended in real victory for Jesus.

Again, holding services amid a little company who expressed a desire for an all-night's meeting, the last night of the year, a plan seemed to be given the leader for several of the flock to take an hour each with a twenty minute Bible reading, and then throw open the rest of their hour for prayer, praise, testimony and thanksgiving. Among other names that came before him was that of a little French woman, in the lower walks of life; illiterate but spiritual, who had never come forward so prominently as that before, though always ready with a glad testimony. When she was called to take her hour, with a much abashed air she came saying, "When a week ago our leader asked me to take this hour, I had the day before been on my face in front of the Lord and as I looked back over the year, I was

In Trinity College

so ashamed before Him that I had so many times said "No," and I promised the Lord that by His grace in the New Year I would never say "No" again, always "Yes." So when asked to take this hour, though the thought cut like a knife, I could only answer "I cannot say No." But when I got home the devil began to nag me; he said, "Ugh, *you* going to lead that meeting? *You* cannot lead a meeting. Even when you begin to walk up the platform steps what will Great Five Talents and Big Ten Talents think? They will say, 'Ugh, here comes little One Talent to teach *us*. Great Five Talent and Ten Talent! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! O, I feel so small, I go to God with many tears. I tell Him all. He says, 'Not so, my child, there is so much *love* in that place, that when Great Five Talent and Big Ten Talent see you coming they will say, "Oh here comes our poor dear little sister One Talent. God has asked little One Talent to speak, now we must help her with our prayers,' and they will pray and believe so much—for they will be very sorry for little One Talent—that God's Spirit will be poured out, and that will be the best meeting of all." So it was. As she told her story with tears trickling down her cheeks, Love Divine in her seemed to sweetly challenge Love Divine in the congregation, all hearts were in prayer for her. She opened the Bible and spoke; she was verily inspired. Before or since, some of us never heard such liquid grace flow from mortal

Jewel Joints

lips—working joints in the Body. How blessed!

We know that if the natural body becomes stiff-jointed it is useless, a painful failure. For how many centuries has Christ's body suffered much defeat for want of working joints. Have you ever been a stiff-joint in the Body? How the Lord has taken the writer through her Christian life to show her that largely she has been a stiff joint! Whenever she sat in the room with Christians who were speaking of the failings of some other Christian and she heard without retiring into God and looking for a prayer in behalf of that faulty one of whom they spoke, she was a stiff joint instead of a working joint. And now that God has got her ear, how blessed to absent herself from all talk to which God does not then and there directly call her, and be carrying the needs, the sorrows, the faults, the frailties of her fellow believers up to Him in prayer. Oh the answers, the beautiful answers that come!

Sitting in the church—and, if spiritual—disappointed with all around you, yet undiscouraged, carrying the hour, the people and the preacher up to God, while He gives enabling faith to bring down blessings—you are a "supplying joint."

"Redeeming the time as wise" has come to mean among other things, buying up the opportunities for prayer, and they are around us everywhere. We cannot see or hear of a lack anywhere in God's people, in His work, in His world,

In Trinity College

but we have a call to prayer. Oh, how busy we become with the busy, busy, business of prayer! The glad answers, how they multiply upon us!

Now we begin to see why these working prayer-joints are to God so beautiful. Jewels of God! And how as fast as we get an inkling of this place of power, the place of the joints, God can pass us on from class to class of His advanced prayer-workers. He has much instruction to give us along this line.

By these prayer-joints, or rather in answer to these prayer-joints, will He make His people one; will He get out the hundreds of thousands of new missionaries for the crowning evangelizing efforts of these last days, and by the Holy Ghost loose the monies ("the gold and the silver are Mine and the cattle upon a thousand hills") to carry forward all the grand salvation work.

But oh! if we would learn to be "supplying joints" in the large, we must let our precious Lord bring us into the detail, for it is in our moment by moment relations, all we see, feel and hear of the various members of the Body around us, that we must be gathered up, into the prayer of the jewel joints He waits to make us. "All the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, . . . knit together, . . . increaseth, . . . *with the increase of God!*"

Gone for us the idle moment, the judging moment, the newsy moment, we leave that for those of lesser spiritual capacity. God is calling us

Jewel Joints

into the high office of spiritual priests unto God; the prayer office of Jewel joints. Wouldst be a jewel-joint in the Bridegroom's Bride? Thou mayst. He waits to make thee such. The place for praying ones was never so open as now. God never so loudly called into it as now. Never so many were pressing in as now. Never the Holy Ghost so brooding to make "remembrancers" "who cease not night nor day" as now. Take His own word "Jewels" and break at His feet, and ask Him to make you one.

III

THE HEAVENLY HOUSEKEEPER



AND Moses verily was faithful in all his house, as a servant, for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken after; but Christ as a son over his own house; whose house are we, if we *hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.* Heb. 3:5, 6.

A dear friend who lives in a very grand house, was telling me of the increasing difficulty, as the years go by, of getting servants in this age of lawlessness and insubordination, especially as she lives in a suburban town. "They will not go to the country" she said, "they want to live near to the theatres, and all the gaieties of the city." Then followed a painful description of how their housekeeper left them, and unable to secure another, she and her daughter had nearly worn their lives away trying to do the housekeeper's work.

While she was speaking my heart was dancing. O, the contrast with my Heavenly Housekeeper! And did I not also know what it was to wear my life away trying to keep house till He came; and this was the fashion of it. He drew my attention to the above precious words in Hebrews, and bade me mark the contrast between the faithful

The Heavenly Housekeeper

Moses, so true to God as a servant in His house, and the faithfulness to the Father of Christ—the heavenly Son over His house, “whose house are we.” O, glory to God! And He was then really installed as Housekeeper over me, as God’s house? And had I nothing to do but just *let* the affairs of the house go into His hands? Keep my hands off, and just delightedly watch Him manage it all? This was exactly what He showed me that glad day. He was within as Housekeeper with His retinue of underlings waiting to do all His will. Yes, *retinue*, for He makes everything serve *Him* when He comes forth to work. “Stormy winds fulfilling His word,” sunshine, and shadow alike coöperating. Even the devil and all his attacks are used by Christ to Satan’s own defeat, and our great enlargement in God, when Jesus has full sway. Pledged to God faithfully to do His work, “as Son over His own house.”

My part? Just to recognize that He was there to do it all, and *rejoice* in the fact. “Son over His own house, whose house are we *if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope.*” As the light of all this burst over me, I just sat down in the house and was glad, and let the Heavenly Housekeeper do all the work. “All went merry as a marriage bell.” The more I rejoiced, the more I entered into rest. The more I entered into rest, the more I rejoiced. He did not need any of my help, I was just left to sing

In Trinity College

the song of His faithfulness. The Father "who appointed Him" was singing it above, and I below. What a chorus? "Faithful! Faithful! Faithful! Heavenly Housekeeper!" How clean He kept His house! what lovely pictures hung on the walls! (All pictures of Jesus in His manifold beauteous relations to us.) How in every room of spirit, soul and body, He energized and kept things harmoniously moving. How sweet to feel all the powers of one's being in leading strings to Him. How sacred the holy awe that *He* was there doing all. Thus the glad days sped on; for conscious love moves time on wings.

Then came an hour when the powers of darkness gathered thick about my soul, fierce temptations; happiness had fled and dull lifeless inertia seemed all there was of me. In the midst of it all, came a wee voice, "Am I just as faithful a Housekeeper now?" My spirit groaned—"It does not feel that way." "But am I?" Oh! who can say that Christ is ever unfaithful? "Oh, Christ, Thou must be 'faithful as a Son over His own house,' whose house, bless God, I am. But why am I thus?" "It is the old lesson, child, of trusting Me in the dark the same as in the light." "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, *that walketh in darkness and hath no light*; let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God." "Hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope *firm to the end*." "But, Lord,

The Heavenly Housekeeper

when I have no spirit of prayer?" "Will you trust Me that I am in the house as Heavenly Housekeeper then?" "And there is no light on the sacred page?" "Will you trust Me that I am in the house *faithfully* keeping it then?" "When I am sent on no errands, bidden go nowhere?" "Am I still faithful? Do I understand My business, am I at it?" And I knew the Father was singing—"Faithful! Faithful! as a Son over His own house whose house Elizabeth is." I must make it a duet, so I began in the darkness singing—"Faithful! Faithful! Faithful over His *own* house, whose house I am." "He giveth songs in the night" if we yield to Him, and truly they are richer and sweeter in their outworking than the songs of the light; Hallelujah! For when the smoke of battle had cleared away, He who always understood, made me to understand this much—"I only design thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine." I was the dross, Jesus was the Gold; He would have the house empty of all but Himself. There must be the nothingness of the creature, and the All-of-God. This work proceeds most rapidly when we walk in the night of faith, *i.e.*, a dead reckoning of faith, *on His Faithfulness*. Hallelujah! Who but a God would know how to accomplish this! Therefore, does He let us be emptied from vessel to vessel, and go into captivity that the taste of self may not remain in us—and the *smell* of self pass away. (Jer. 48:11.) "This also cometh forth

In Trinity College

from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

Much confusion arises because we fail to see that "trees of the Lord's planting"—His precious saved ones, like trees of the natural world—have a double growth, a summer and a winter growth. How delightful is springtime's wooing! Then the sap is called up from the roots and begins to flow and enlarge the trunk, and spread in the branches, and push out to the tiniest twigs and buds in all their extremities, and burst to a beauty of green leafiness, or mayhap, a bright fragrant bloom, and proceed to set and form and mature the delicious fruit or nut or spice.

Fair, indeed, is summer's growth in nature or in grace. But what of the winter? Ah! it plays a deeper and more important part, though many observers take no note of it. It is when the sunless days and chilly winds and high storms have stripped the tree bare that the shivering sap or life slowly retreats from outmost bough through trunk to root. And then, what? Oh, now begins the winter's growth? The healthy tree is only as big above ground as it is below. *There* is where it strikes its hold in life. For every branch and bough and twig above ground there are ramifications of similar roots and root-lets. Like many mighty arms, strong hands, and tiny clutching fingers they lay hold of the soil in which they are embedded and draw their life from thence. This is done when forbidding cold

The Heavenly Housekeeper

has driven the life-sap from its above-ground progress to its hidden movements beneath the soil. Then it is when the tree's most important growth takes place. The roots strengthen, roots and rootlets stretch out and occupy more space in the soil beneath; more soil to feed upon, more life or sap, more feeding power, more increase of length and breadth of root.

Wildest storms find it hard to uproot the trees of many winters' growth, whose underground limbs have taken such deep and extensive hold upon the soil. After each winter's growth and feeding, with a mighty uprush, the reinvigorated sap runs into the trunk, enlarging it and pushing out each limb and bough and branch and twig; enlarging above ground with the growth of the long, dark winter underground. For the summer's growth would be top-heavy and full of danger if it were not thus prepared for by the winter's underground enlargement.

Thus in the trees of the Lord's planting. He gives us many a summer experience when the sap of His life flows through all our sensuous being, and everybody, self included, can see our growth; such an hour is the "sky blue conversion," or the glorious sanctification with the Holy Spirit's seal thereto, or divine healing, a miracle of His life in our body, or some marvelous revelation of Himself in His Word, or in His dispensational plan; some mighty Pentecost with tongues, or some marvelous fruitage in Chris-

In Trinity College

tian service. But sooner or later, after each and all, comes the time when God robs every sensuous part of the being of its life or "experience," and by naked faith, or the winter of the soul, God (the Christian's soil) and His faithfulness is all the soul has left. Now it burrows in that SOIL, and while it does not know itself growing, and all who see it make sure it is not growing, it is striking root in God as never before; preparing for a still larger summer growth.

Thus summer and winter experiences chase each other in rapid succession as God sets the seasons, for we are "God's tillage." A blood-bought property which He hath secured at such expenditure He will not neglect to cultivate. Our coöperation, which expedites the work, is constant trust through summer and through winter. Faith in His faithfulness! Christ is faithful to Him that appointed Him, as a Son over His own house. His house! God's tree! Hallelujah! Thank God for the Heavenly Housekeeper!

"Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

IV

BLESSINGS FROM UNDER THE THRESHOLD*



WANT to read a part of the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel. "Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house; and behold waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward: . . . And when the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward, he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ankles." Standing in God! That is what we need these days; independence of the creature; separated from everything and everybody and standing in God.

"Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters; the waters were to the knees." That is providing for us! Waters to the knees! Don't you know that is what is going to bless and redeem this old world, the waters to the knees? Oh, this blessed knee-work in the Holy Ghost, it belongs to us! Water to the knees is the provision for us and it is in answer to this work that God is doing,

*The following three addresses were given in the Stone Church, Chicago, at a Convention in May, 1912.

In Trinity College

and is going to continue to do, marvelous, increasingly marvelous things on earth.

"Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through"—there is a great deal of talking about "going through," but I bless God He can bring me through. "What do you mean," said one man the other day, "about 'going through?' I do not understand it." I bless God He understands about getting us through. "And the waters were to the loins;" when the waters have risen to the loins—the creative powers are in the loins—then all is submerged in God. Oh, what holy life in the kitchen! What holy life in the office, on the street! What holy life in the bedchamber! What holy life at the dining table! What holy life when the waters are to the loins! That is provided for us. Everything under, all the movements of our being under the Holy Ghost.

"Afterward he measured a thousand; and it was a river that I could not pass over: for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over." There is no accounting for God's blessings. They rise so high that God Himself cannot tell them. He cannot put them in the words of our poor human languages. They are a river that cannot be passed over; they are waters to swim in, and the time comes when the child of God is lifted upon the mighty waves and floods. Oh, what is that in the mind of Christ, that

Blessings from Under the Threshold

purpose of God concerning you and me? Oh, how God's heart urges and urges on and on, that we may overtake Him! He cannot make us understand it. It is not understandable, but it can be experienced. He is prodding us on. Everything helps; everything is a prod in His hand as we receive all from God. Every new place I am gaining these last days and weeks I am amazed at what I see and it is helping to keep me quiet.

All that God is doing today I cannot talk about, but every time the Lord works He says to me, "This is nothing but beginnings." There are mighty pourings of this river that cannot be passed over. We are floating along under the mighty movings of God and the man and woman is lost sight of, just a little atom floating on His ocean. Did you ever see a cork floating on the water? You do not stop much to talk about the cork, but you see the mighty ocean swelling and carrying it forward. It is what God is pushing you and me on to, the place of the little cork on the waters; inconsequence linked with Divinity; human emptiness floating on the billows of Infinite fullness. He is pushing us forward and we are bound to go forward and on. What we are going forward to no tongue can tell, no man can conceive, it is so glorious.

"And He said unto me, Son of man, hast thou *seen* this?" Oh blessed is the man, bles-

In Trinity College

sed is the woman, blessed is the child that has seen this, that has had "the vision of the holy waters." I remember a young man in Philadelphia coming into a little Convention like this. He was a young printer, proud, ambitious and clever, and bound he would make a name for himself. He came into the meeting that evening at the earnest solicitation of his mother. He was a Christian, but the kind of a Christian that has so much pleasure in the world. He wanted to go to the theatre that night, but his mother persuaded him to come to the meeting, and a most humble, no-consequence child read this forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel and God gave the young printer a vision of the holy waters. That young man was turned upside down and inside out, and his heart went after God. God dealt with him. He let the world go, but at first he couldn't quite let his business go. He expected to be on some periodical, some magazine where his name would tell, but God said, "Give up your business to me." He didn't tell him He had any other business for him, but God got the victory. He gave it all up to the Lord and said, "Lord, I will walk out of that printing office tomorrow if you want me to," and shortly afterward he did walk out of that office. God called him with a powerful call to the Soudan in Africa and he became a mighty child of God there. Then God

Blessings from Under the Threshold

started him away over in the unexplored regions of the East Coast. Some of you perhaps know I am speaking of Peter Scott and how God started under him what is known as the British East African Missions. There God wrought, and after awhile He kissed Peter Scott away to glory, but the work went on, and from that work God started other missions and the mighty work of God in the interior is going on in a marvelous way. He is pouring out such a hungry spirit upon the thousands and tens of thousands and millions of Africa that it will never end. It is rivers that cannot be passed over, and it all came about by that inconspicuous child of God getting up there and reading the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel that night and Peter Scott's seeing the vision of the holy waters. If you are a little seed for God you cannot tell what tree is going to grow from it.

May God give each one a vision of the holy waters, then they will "issue out toward the east country and go down into the desert" of Chicago and down into the desert of the United States and into the desert of Africa and India and China, and go down into the sea. "And it shall come to pass that everything that liveth, which moveth whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be

In Trinity College

healed." Oh, don't you want to be in the river and the river in you moving on, the movement of the Holy Ghost, the Triune God by the Holy Ghost? Everything shall live where the river goes. Every one that gets the vision of the holy waters is bound to be a fisher of men. There will be a place to spread the nets and "the fish shall be according to their kinds." Oh what an inspiration there is in that, to let the Lord take us forward, because the kind of Christian workers we are, that is the kind of fish we will catch. In other words, people's children are like them, and so are the spiritual children of Christian workers. "The fish shall be according to their kind" is the greatest incentive I have ever had to get all the blessings the Lord wanted me to have; not for my sake, but for the sake of the children, the spiritual children whom God gives. But the "marshes thereof shall not be healed." What is the matter with the marshy places? They let the water in, but they do not let the water *through*. You see them in every Christian assembly, Christians who are nothing but marshes. They come to suck up something for "me" and they have no purpose of letting it go through. The only use of the holy water is to pass through us. Jesus said it should be in us a "well of water springing up into everlasting life," but He said it should be in us as rivers if we continued to believe on Him. You see we are a

Blessings from Under the Threshold

river bed in the salvation arrangement, something to receive God and let Him pass through. That is our legitimate use, and when we do not let the river pass through we just become a miry and marshy place. The miry and the marshy places shall not be healed, they shall be given to salt. You know nothing can live in the Dead Sea. What is the matter with it? It is the salt. That is what will happen to us if we receive God and do not let Him pass through. Nothing can live. "And on the other side of the river shall grow all trees for meat," and God says out of him that believes on Him shall flow "rivers of living water." That is not *a* river. Is it two rivers? or three? or five? or a hundred and five? God doesn't stop, and if the growing soul doesn't stop this thing will never stop. God doesn't limit it; rivers of living water, and upon either bank there shall be fruit; "it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months." In Italy the orange trees never cease to bring forth fruit twelve months in the year. They are always fruiting. They shall bring forth fruit according to their months. Why? "Because the waters thereof issue out of the sanctuary;" and the fruit thereof shall be for meat and the leaf thereof for medicine." We go through the world and we are for others, meat and medicine, wherever the soul goes that has had fully the vision of the holy waters.

In Trinity College

But I am concerned most in this blessed chapter about a little part here in the first verse. The waters of all this glory, all this fruitfulness, all this power and all this blessing, all God's possibilities in you and in me—see how this thing begins: "The holy waters issued out from under the threshold of the house." Now who can get water that issues out from under the threshold of the house? I tell you we have to get down pretty low. Did you ever try to get water that issued out from under the threshold? You cannot get that standing up, and you cannot get it stooping down. You cannot get it on your knees. There is only way you can get it; down on your face. Oh it is solemn. It is low down you get this blessing, under the threshold. You cannot get your lip under the threshold if there is one part of your being that is up. You have to be prostrated. You have to get lower than the lowest, and experimentally you and I know a little about this. You know we never get a drink of water in conversion until we get our lip down to the threshold. We never got it standing up; never got it holding on to a thing, but in letting go. Christ's word to Zacchaeus rings through the centuries, "Zacchaeus, make haste and come down." Down brethren! Down sisters! Down Pentecostal Movement! Down Pisgah! Down! Down! Down! That is the cry that rings out. And if

Blessings from Under the Threshold

we ever sought the Lord in sanctification we got down again. This was further down because God had given us more light. It was all down before God spoke to us and gave us the victory. These dear people that have their Pentecost and the tongues, how much of you was standing up straight when you got that? Didn't you get down? One wrote me from Los Angeles early in the outbreak, and she said, "I like the blessing these people have, but if you could come and see the way God is working on them you wouldn't want the blessing." God saw to it that they should have to get down. And do you know you never were used in your life in any service until you got down.

This is the experience of our blessed Apostle Paul in the great Corinthian epistles, the epistles that came out and blessed that church so wonderfully and have gone on blessing for centuries, blessed all this dispensation and how much more to other worlds we do not know for it will never stop. Paul said, "I started in," (quite like some little mission-worker in Chicago), "I started in to win a soul to Jesus." "And how did you feel, Paul?" "Oh, I was with you in weakness and fear and in much trembling." Ah, God saw to it that Paul was all emptied out, "but in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost." God got Paul's lips down under the threshold; the

In Trinity College

waters began to flow, and the mighty vision of the holy waters began to rise. So the power and the demonstration of the Holy Ghost was given in a little good-for-nothing, no-account child of God, for He hasn't any other kind of children. "Good-for-nothing" was Paul's name and yours and mine, and we all rejoice in it. "THE SON can do nothing of Himself." We *are* nothing and good-for-nothing. We are no-account, but oh, if we crawl down to the threshold and get a drink, something happens. Waters from under the threshold! We have all had some experience, but the thing is to keep that experience. We know what it is to get down there where we get Pentecost, get the healing, or where we are wonderfully used in testimony, or in exposition of the Word of God. We know what it is to get down there where we are mightily used in intercession, but beloved, it is our privilege to *stay there* with our lip under the threshold; and that is where we must learn to stay. If we will stay there we will have not merely "that wonderful blessing when I was in Denver," but *fresh* life ever flowing through. What a revival that was at Denver! What a mighty power of God! I came away and said that was a Salvation Factory. We did not have time to preach, didn't have time to sing. People just came in at the door and filled the altar. I remember going to the hall one night and the people

Blessings from Under the Threshold

came in and knelt around that altar before we could give out the first verse of the hymn, so there was nothing to do but to go around and pray with them. When we had laid on hands and they had received by simple faith, we bade them go back to their seats. We wanted to get the altar cleared so that we could start in and have some regular services—this was very irregular. We were ready to sing a hymn and pray and read the Word, so we said, “You have received?” “Yes.” “Now take your seat.” We wanted to vacate the altar, but ere we turned to lay hands on another, that vacant place was filled; thus the altar kept filling with new seekers, drunkards, lost women, Christians seeking healings, etc., until eleven o’clock. We were exhausted physically, but you could not stop it. The breath of God was on the people. Nobody had a chance to say anything. “But we must read the Word of God. What would be the report outside?” So one got up with a Bible, but oh, the weeping and the crying and the praising drowned out everything.

But I can not go back and talk about that wonderful time when I was in the Salvation Factory. No, I have to get down and get my lip under the threshold *now*. If anybody asks you for a glass of water and you hand them some out of the pitcher that has been standing here over night, they don’t want it; they want fresh water. Yet from this identi-

In Trinity College

cal pitcher last night you gave your friend a most reviving drink; what is the matter that he does not relish it now? Ah, it has stood! God wants to keep us *with our lips down at the threshold*. The blessing I received, and the work I was in, and my wonderful knowledge of the Word, etc., is stale water. It is all good, but it is stale water if you and I are not down with our lips at the threshold.

Let us keep down and keep drinking fresh water, then how the vision of the holy waters will be repeated!

V

CUTTING BACK THE WOOD



FTER reading John 15:1-7, the speaker said: There are, I am sure, a thousand, and I do not know but a million sermons in the precious, the unspeakable heights and depths of the words we have just read, but the portion God puts on my heart this morning is a message to the fruit-bearing disciples. I must let all the rest go. "Every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it," to the wonderful end "*that* it bring forth more fruit." My message is to the fruit-bearing branches. I really doubt if there is a person in the room this morning that is not to some extent a fruit-bearing branch of the Vine. Oh it is unspeakably blessed! We are candidates for purging just as soon as we have borne fruit. This is a message about cutting. There is a little grape-vine always before my eyes. In my home we have a tiny grape-vine in our back garden, but the second garden beyond there is a very large grape-vine. We have a kind friend that knows just how to cut the vines. He is a skillful vine-dresser, and whenever our vine bears fruit, which is once a year, he purges it, he cuts back the wood,

In Trinity College

and the consequence is that although it is little, we have a great deal of fruit and very rich fruit on that little vine. In the second garden above is that great long vine, but there is very little fruit on it, and the fruit is poor. It is not very sweet and the grapes are not large. It used to be just as rich and full as it could be, but the husbandman, the man that owned it, died, and it just takes care of itself from year to year. The branches grow, and the new tendrils grow and there is a great deal of wood there that doesn't bear fruit. Oh, I am so glad this morning that my Husbandman will never die! Jesus said, "*My Father* is the Husbandman," and the big business of heaven in its relation to earth is the business of that Husbandman, cutting away the wood. Every time that the vine bears fruit it has to be cut away. Oh how solemnly precious! I lay humbly and reverently prostrated under the power of God two days ago and the Lord spoke to me about cutting away the wood, that purging process, and oh how sweet it rung in my ears, "*My Father* is the Husbandman." He is so skillful, He knows just how to do this work. He has a wonderful pruning knife in His hand. He knows just when and where to use the knife. You know there is no wood like the wood of the vine. It is very peculiar. God always chooses the right kind of a tree when He wants to illustrate. When

Cutting Back the Wood

He talks of the strength of the believer He speaks of the cedars of Lebanon. He doesn't choose an ash, it wouldn't fit. So when He talks about the vine He knows what He is talking about. The ancient Israelites used to consider themselves the vine, and so they were, but they got rather proud of it; they boasted themselves of it, and in the fifteenth chapter of Ezekiel, God turns up this question, "And the word of the Lord came unto me, Son of man, what is the vine tree more than any tree, or than a branch which is among the trees of the forest? Shall wood thereof be taken to do any work?"

You can't do a single thing with the wood of a grape-vine. You never saw a house built with it. You never saw any furniture made with it. You never saw beds or ships or anything constructed from it. So God says, "What is the vine tree more than any tree, or a branch that is among the trees of the forest? Shall wood be taken thereof to do any work? or will men take a pin of it to hang any vessel thereon?" You can't even make a pin of it to drive in the wall and hang a coat on. It is good for nothing. "Behold, it is cast in the fire for fuel." That is all a Christian is good for. "He shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire." We are only good for burning and pruning.

What is the matter with the wood of the

In Trinity College

vine? You take a segment of its branch and put it under a magnifying glass, and call in the little children and ask them what kind of wood is this? and they will say, "Why, it is not wood at all, it is a tangled mass of threads," and if the microscope is of good power they will say, "Oh, isn't it funny! Every one of those threads is a little hollow tube. That is the wood of the branch, a mass of little hollow tubes to let the sap of the vine in, to let the life of the vine through. That is what the branch of the Vine is good for, emptiness, to let the sap, juice, life of the Vine flow through. Good for nothing of itself, good for nothing severed from the Vine. You cannot make even an ornament from it. *No* value as wood, but resting in the Vine, something wonderful happens, all the life, all the blood of the great Vine takes possession and runs through it! If you could interview the branch about its bunch of grapes as they have them in California two and one-half feet high, with their huge shoulders one foot broad, you would say, "Oh, Branch, what a magnificent bunch of grapes you have raised this season." But if it could answer you, the branch would say, "These are not my grapes." "Why, yes, they are; I see them hanging on you; you bore them." "Oh, no, they are not my grapes at all; they are the Vine's grapes. I could not bring forth grapes, but I just rested in the

Cutting Back the Wood

Vine, rested my weakness and emptiness in the Vine, and he took possession of me, he sent his wonderful life, his wonderful blood, and it floated along, budding out in leafiness and beautiful, fragrant flowers. He kept working on as I rested in him and that life of the Vine turned to grapes; as I rested in him, his life went pouring through me." Now, that is the real story of the Branch and the Vine. If we were to talk of the apple-tree this would not apply at all. There should be solidarity to the wood of the apple-tree, but there should be nothing but emptiness to the wood of the Vine, and if you are anything as a branch of the Vine but good-for-nothing you have to be cut down by the Husbandman. It is a fact that there is nothing on the face of the earth that makes wood so fast as the vine. God wanted to make a picture of us and so He just put this wonderful thing in His Word to show us we are good for nothing; but we don't know how good for nothing we are. We have had some severe lessons on this line, but we haven't found it out yet. Suppose a cyclone of grace and glory should strike this Convention before the day is over, and it should all come through God's use of one of these precious brethren. Everybody in the place and everybody throughout the United States, England and Africa would hear how that man moved forward and what he did and what he

In Trinity College

didn't do. "Oh, the wisdom that was in him, and even his face could not be looked at." Eyes would get upon the man instead of the God that was operating him. It was said of Evan Roberts in the time of the Welsh Revival there were occasions when he stood up there (he did not do much preaching), and they could no more look at him than at the mid-day sun. God permitted, for the time being, His power and glory so to rest upon him that there was a brilliancy that the human eye could not stand. God took a poor stick and filled it with His power and Wales trembled. He withdrew the power and it was a stick again. Supposing that measure of God's power should come upon poor Elizabeth or any one of you. All the earth would be clamoring for that one, and that soul would be in the most perilous condition that it is possible for a human soul to be in, though it would be so blessed, and I'd like to be there. But oh, the peril that is connected with it, because there is in the flesh such a tendency to make wood, to rejoice that "God used me," and the devil and all hell comes up at such a time. "Well, now, that was wonderful the way the Lord used you." "That was really poetical." "That letter that you wrote which accomplished so much was the great power of God." "How great was the healing of that sick man when you prayed," etc., etc., etc. "Don't you

Cutting Back the Wood

remember that wonderful song you sung in tongues?" etc., etc. Oh, if the Husbandman were dead we would go on then and make a lot of solid wood unto self, but it rang through me like the sweetest music, "My Father is the Husbandman; *every* branch that *beareth fruit*, He purgeth it, *that* it may bring forth more fruit."

It is right after the fruit-bearing season that the husbandman, the vine-dresser, has to cut away the wood, and the Lord showed me that not now and then I was to be cut back as wood, but every time the Lord used me publicly, every time I got a blessed new experience, I needed the purging that there might be no wood made unto self, nothing in me. If there is wood made unto self the devil has a good time, a picnic in hell, for he can move on me. He cannot move upon Jesus Christ, but he can move upon me, and in the hour of temptation I am in great danger if there is selfhood (wood unto self), but oh, my Father is the Husbandman. He cuts back the wood. He knows the wood that is not all emptiness and He doesn't want any of that kind of wood there at all. He wants to bring forth in me and in you a self-effaced life. Jesus says, "Abide in Me." That is all you have to do. "Abide in Me and I in you." Every time you have been consciously blessed, every time you have been used, every time God has written

In Trinity College

a letter by you, every time God has allowed you to see a little piece of His plan and be a little link, that is the time to cry, "Oh, Father, use the pruning knife, *the pruning knife*," that there may be none of self but all of Christ.

There is one other little word that fits right in here, II Cor. 4:10, 11, "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, *that the life also* of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." And this word is the thought of our co-operation with the pruning-knife. Are we voluntarily delivering ourselves over unto death for Jesus' sake? *Always* bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus? You know there is running all the way along in the plan of salvation a divine work and a human co-operation, and when the human co-operation is checked the divine work cannot go on in the same way as it otherwise would. Are you delivering over your human life constantly to the dying of the Lord Jesus? Once God showed me this Divine and human co-operation like a pair of hands; as if my right hand were the hand of God and my left hand were the human, the natural, in me. Now the Lord draws near and by the blessed breath of His Holy Spirit He woos me (the little finger), an unsaved, a lost soul. He tells me I am a sinner. He moves by His Spirit (like the little finger of

Cutting Back the Wood

the Divine hand drawing to the little finger of the human hand) until he inclines me to consent to that, that I am a lost sinner. Then He begins to comfort me, to show me Jesus, thus the fingers join. That is God working in conviction, enabling me to yield, and when I yield it is Christ in me, and salvation, initial salvation, then and there takes place. But oh, my! it was only initial when you and I were converted. There is so much more for us. However, the operating power of Omnipotence is engaged that all the rest of me, my sin and my folly, may be united to *all the rest of Him*, if I am an obedient soul. Welcoming the light, I keep drawing nearer, finger to finger (illustrating), as He draws nearer. He teaches me what holiness has to be, how I have to be gotten rid of, and reveals that Jesus Christ is made to me sanctification. That is another big join, another finger of the Divine interlocking with the corresponding feeble finger of the human. Laid up for me is divine healing and the baptism, and many other gifts and graces. Each time the light comes and I yield there is a further joining of the human and Divine, thus on and on, God wants to make it like this (here the speaker illustrates, lifting both hands completely locked together), the Divine and the human is made to fit together as my weakness and His strength, my helplessness and His life and power. In order for this

In Trinity College

precious work to go on, that I may be fruitful, continually and increasingly an empty branch of the Vine, there must be that human co-operation with the Divine.

Suppose when He comes to convict me of a mixture of self in some experience or service in which I have been greatly blest, I refuse conviction and justify self. Then there is no further Divine co-operation while my spirit is in that attitude. I must yield, I must die, if I would go on. He puts around me all kinds of circumstances and providences that hurt my flesh, people lie about me and hurt me, and the Lord says, "Giving thanks for all things" and I begin to think, "Well, I can't do it in this case," then there is no human co-operation with the Divine, only delay. Now, though I don't understand how it will work, I can keep on the railroad line. If you want to go anywhere you put your car on the rails. It runs nicely while you are on the rails; these are God's rails, "giving thanks always for all things," so it is "Praise the Lord" and "Praise the Lord," and you keep co-operating. "Oh, Lord, I cannot feel to praise You, but I *will* praise You. Send the Holy Spirit down and make it real," and He co-operates by His grace. That Divine grace coming into us makes a real song in the soul, not a mere burst of song, but while our will is on the altar, though we feel the sizzling and the fire, the beautiful Divine

Cutting Back the Wood

co-operation brings forth *heavenly music*. I believe it is sweeter to the angels than what they are getting up there. Ephesians 3:10 says other worlds are to look on us and be enriched by what God does in us while there is the human co-operation with the Divine; "that now unto the principalities and powers in the heavenlies might be known *by the church*, the manifold wisdom of God." We read in I Corinthians 9:25, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." Don't you know your crown is making now, and my crown is making now, and we have as much to do with the making of those crowns as God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost? In some Christian lives there is so much wood, hay and stubble—by and by they get a crown and it is a beauty; every crown is, but oh! as compared with other luminous and gem-full crowns, it is so meagre, and they are dissatisfied with it. But in earthly life they would not co-operate with Divine light against self. Paul says, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly . . . but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." The word there has been more closely rendered "unserviceable," "unusable." Is it possible for God very

In Trinity College

much to use a vessel one time and the next time He wants to put His hand on that vessel it is unusable? Oh, yes, if there has not been co-operation with the Divine Husbandman in the cutting away of the wood. If the pruning-knife has not been used there is solid wood there and God cannot use you. A close rendering of this text has been, "I knock my body about and bring it down," and if we must do that to our bodies, we must also do it to the fleshly man, to the whole natural creature. I knock it about and keep it under. What account am I? The beautifying work goes along when the Lord is pruning.

One time when I was in California at Dr. Yoakum's Home we had a very lovely child of God there from Denver. He was there in great power of the Spirit much used and blest. I was one of twenty-five or thirty people in the house; there were a great many old women there for healing, and I suppose this dear brother thought I was one of a row of half-idiotic, half-embecile people. Shortly after, he went off to a Southern town, and the Doctor came to me one morning, saying, "I got a letter from this Christian and she sent her love to you and wants you to come down. I will have you go down with Brother P. of Colorado. God is going to give you a wonderful run in the Holy Ghost." Well, I liked runs in the Holy Ghost, so I went down, but not in

Cutting Back the Wood

the same train. When I got there, there was a great coldness and I could not understand it. "What was in that letter? Had she really sent for me?" We sat at the table and this precious child of God and this Christian worker were so occupied with the work, they even forgot to pass me the bread and butter the second time, and I didn't get enough to eat, and I had the feeling I was in the way. Self-respect said, "Why don't you get up and go home? You know you are in the way. It would be just as easy as could be to take yourself off. Of course, the thing to do is to get up and go away." So I said, "Lord, show me. I didn't come here with any purpose of my own. You sent me here and I came in Your will, and now I want Your will about going home. Lord, show me. Am I to take this train?" I didn't get any liberty to take that train, but I tell you the wood was being cut down. We must give God a chance to cut down the wood. This was His opportunity for cutting away the wood. The next time I sat down at the table nobody spoke to me, just a bare handing out the glass of water, and sometimes that was forgotten, and just the food passed around once, but oh, it wasn't food, 'twas the feeling I was in the way. I wasn't asked about going to the meeting, and I didn't know whether they wanted me in the meeting or not, and so it went on. I just kept asking the Lord to save me from self.

In Trinity College

There is always something blessed that God is about to work out. Oh, beloved, the Word says that "all things are of God." There is no mistake about it. It is not "she is this," or "he is that;" we get where we don't see people at all. It is all God. So I prayed, "Now show me how to resign myself; show me how to see Thee, and Thee only, and put me where my ear can hear Thee only." That is the way to go through. Then you won't be unserviceable, and God will be able to cut the wood back in new ways. The Lord gave me that kind of prayer, but didn't let me have any light, only a little trembling question as to whether I should stay or no. At last in prayer it came to me, "Why not go to her and say that you feel there has been some mistake about your coming to this place and that you think you have been thrust upon her unwillingly and through some inadvertence, and tell her you are so sorry for it, and then take your way home." I seemed to have liberty for that, so toward the end of—to my flesh—three painful days, I said to her, "Now, there is something I do not understand. I believe I have been thrust upon you as an unwilling guest. I don't believe you have invited me, and I think it is too bad. I am so sorry for you that you should have had such trouble and annoyance when you are having these meetings, and with your building schemes going on and your cook

Cutting Back the Wood

gone, and I believe I have been an imposition on you and a real burden, and I am just as sorry as I can be, but it is not my fault," and I told her about the letter to Dr. Yoakum, but perhaps he didn't read the letter right; he thought she said she wanted me to come down and he sent me along with Brother P., but I never would have come, of course, to intrude if I had understood. By that time I was filled with such blessing in my soul, and she put her arms around my neck. "Well," she says, "to tell you the truth, it was really hard to have you come. I hadn't invited you and I wasn't intending to take care of two guests." I said, "I am sorry. You will forgive me for it, won't you? And now I will go." But she said, "You are not to blame, and while I do not want you to leave, of course, I cannot pay much attention to you now, but when Brother P. from Colorado is gone I want you to stay. I have wanted to meet you for many years. I want you to pray with me over the work." The talk woke her up a little and the situation altered, and after this dear brother left we came closer together in prayer, and God gave me three most beautiful weeks of prayer with her and service in that place, but He first had to cut back the wood. Returning to Pisgah, I felt I could go into work with so much more of God than I had before. Now, if I had gone away from that Southern town in a little pride of

In Trinity College

self-respect, saying, "Well, I never intended to be an intrusion, I never went anywhere I wasn't invited, I will go back on the next train. Good-bye, Mrs. So-and-So," and left with that thought in my heart, that would have been making wood in me, and not cutting it out, and you know if we get touchy we are unserviceable. We may have been much used in the past, but we become in a measure unusable if we can be touched here and there; there are difficult places God can not put us into. But if we can not be touched anywhere, and if God has us just to abide in Him and there is nothing flowing through us but the Jesus-life, we can be kicked about and He can work through the poor vessel to somebody. The heavenly Jerusalem is a cube—six-sided, not upsettable. Oh, God has such a beautiful work in purging, in cutting back the wood. The more He cuts it back the more the grapes will grow, the more abundant will be the fruitage, and the more luscious will be the taste of the fruit.

When I went to California and for the first time on those hills saw the California vineyards, what a lesson it was to me! There is the root and the sprout, and they just allow one stalk and cut off everything that won't sprout, and all the life and all the sap in the vine flows to that one branch, all through the excessive purging, the excessive cutting away of wood. Praise God if you are getting a little

Cutting Back the Wood

more cutting away of wood in you than anybody you know, the deepest trials of anybody; it may be poverty or what not, if you are in the most trying circumstances, *thank God for the pruning-knife*. You know it is declared that pruning is only to this end, "*that it may bring forth more fruit.*"

I returned to Dr. Yoakum's enriched in God. I realized He had carried me through that testing time in victory, and He got me more empty. I had a new vision of the cutting away. I went back to service I hadn't had before; the whole experience was so blest to me.

By and by I was called to come from West to East across the continent. The Doctor sent word to this brother to stop me for work in Denver. "She will help you in meetings," he wrote. "Why, can she preach?" He thought I was some old woman who was there for healing of a sore toe, or something. He hadn't an idea that I could speak of Jesus and His love. Well, the Lord blest me and, of course, the brother learned to know me on a new plane. The Lord poured out His Spirit, and one day, the last day I was there, when I got up to speak that evening, it was nothing but God that time, and oh, how the salvation of God poured into that place. I was amazed because God had never used me in that way before. I was more amazed than any one else.

Every place I go God generally cuts back

In Trinity College

the wood, giving me several dry messages in the beginning, and that is one of the ways He has of making people think we are of no account. They will say, "I am disappointed in her. I thought she was a better talker than that." Oh, when He knows that they are disappointed in us, how good it is. That is when He is cutting back the wood. And so you understand it was God when I saw the Lord pour Himself out in that fashion, and then the brother got up and said how he had thought in Pisgah that I was nothing but some old woman in trouble, etc. Then followed an altar service, and they came weeping in great crowds, and it was such a remarkable thing to me to think how God put me down there first where those two workers just ignored me and I couldn't get butter enough to spread upon my bread, and here God was pouring out, and this brother recognized God in me, and the Lord showed me if I had just gotten up and gone back to Pisgah how I would have missed all the cutting down of the wood, through deep trial that made this divine experience possible. And I never would have been brought to this service because God could not let me. There are many things God won't let people do because He can't trust them, but if He can be allowed to cut down that wood He can bring us where it is all Christ and none of self. The Lord said to me that day, "Now you see what

Cutting Back the Wood

has come through the cutting back of the wood, and oh, my child, if you remain *delighted with the pruning-knife*, I tell you there is nothing but what will count in the eternities beyond. I am fitting you for service in the millennial and after ages." Oh, what a great business God is in! We are to taste of the glories of the coming age, co-operating with powers of the Holy Ghost not seen in this age. We are in education for a long time to come. No, not for any *time* to come, for a *long eternity!* Now, I am a candidate for purging, are you? I want that the prayer shall be constant in me, "Lord, cut back the wood." It is easy for us to say it here now, but the Holy Ghost can bring us where we say it in *each* difficult place. He puts it into practice. He can keep us in place where we shall be constantly under the prayer, "Lord, cut back the wood." "O, Husbandman, cut back the wood." Every time the Lord uses me, even in the secret place, the prayer place, I need to have the wood cut back.

Cut back the wood! Cut back the wood!
Oh Christ the Lord, the knife is good.
Cut back the wood! Cut back the wood!

VI

THIRTYFOLD FRUITAGE



IN THE thirteenth chapter of Matthew we read, in the parable of the sower, "Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: . . . And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up and choked them: but other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold."

It is this last clause, "some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold," on which the Lord has given me some lessons. I had always been very desirous to be a hundredfold fruit-bearer, and I believe this is our privilege. The Lord tells us something about the one hundred-fold fruit bearer in Mark and again in Luke, how if we forsake all for Jesus—father, mother, lands, children—we shall receive the hundredfold in this life, "*with persecution.*" So if persecution is going hand in hand with us, and the Lord is calling us to forsake father and mother and houses and lands, or any close earthly relationship as He leads out, we may praise God for the trials. It is along those lines that we get the hundred-

Thirtyfold Fruitage

fold fruitage. Oh, we may thank God for persecution. It is nothing to take the attitude of the martyr about. Persecution is something to make us leap for joy. Our Savior says when they persecute you and cast out your name as false, and say all manner of evil against you, "leap for joy." And the original says if those things are happening to you, "jump up and down very much." But we have to go quite a way with the Lord to have some of these things happen to us. If we begin to put our finger in our mouth and sulk, and are cast down with the little beginnings of trials and persecutions and separations from dear ones, and begin to pity ourselves, we will not get along very far toward the hundredfold fruitage.

We get so sorry for ourselves when we are corrected and chastised by the Word of the Lord, and the mouth of the Lord, and perhaps by the mouth of God's children. It takes quite a time to go a little way with the Lord, but the hundredfold fruit goes along the line of those who throw up their hands to the Lord and let Him rob them of *everything* He sees has to be taken away and make the way straight in all things. But it isn't really the hundredfold I have so much on my heart tonight, for the Lord made me so happy awhile ago over this thirtyfold. There is the thirtyfold and the sixtyfold and the hundredfold fruitage, and you notice thirtyfold is the least fruit that the Christian can

In Trinity College

ever bear for Jesus. There is nothing less. Not twenty or ten, but the lowest they can bear is going to be thirtyfold. Now that is tremendous. If I bear fruit unto Jesus at all in anything, God says the figures will be thirtyfold. I was in a home last night where we were talking about a business man, and how in one sale he had made a half million dollars. They were telling how successful he was; he had made half as much as his capital right off, half as much as he put into his business, and they thought it was a big thing, and it was a big thing according to this world, but look here what the Lord says: The fruit in the Christian life is to be *thirtyfold*, not thirty per cent. That would be a big income if you could put out ten thousand dollars and get thirty per cent, but this is not thirty per cent; it is thirtyfold, which is three thousand per cent! It is as if a man could put out one thousand dollars and get thirty thousand dollars; or put out one hundred thousand dollars and get three million dollars. This is the encouragement He gives to us as children of God in the little things. It is how many prayers we send up, this one and that one, and the other; how many little steps we take out of our own way; the denial of self for the sake of others, and that the Spirit and life and love of Jesus may shine through our faces. Surely if we are children of God and seeking to walk with our blessed Master we are prompted to do little things on this side and on that, and

Thirtyfold Fruitage

God tells us that even "a cup of cold water given in the Name of Jesus" shall in no wise lose its reward. And how much is this reward going to be? The lowest is thirtyfold. Oh, how wonderful and how beautiful this is. We do not understand it all now because we have not yet come to the place where everything is shown up in its reward; we only go on by faith and believe for it now.

I remember a good many years ago how I went out to the Pacific Coast with Carrie Judd. You know her as Carrie Judd Montgomery. She then had a faith home in Buffalo. The Lord had a work here in Chicago in which He had put me and she came to Chicago and we went on together. I had just before that had a wonderful filling of the Holy Ghost at a Convention in Western Springs and I was tingling to my fingers' ends to be and do for Jesus, to have the light shine and win souls for Jesus and help Christians, and so we started off. We got to a far Western town in the mountains and there we were going to stop off for a day and night, let our train go on and have a night's rest, taking the next day's train—a little break in the journey. When we got off the train and went to a hotel we had the day before us, and I said, "I feel like having a Gospel meeting in this town." Carrie said, "So do I. I believe if we ask the proprietor of the hotel he will let us hold a meeting." "Well," I said, "let's do it. We will go out on the street

In Trinity College

and invite every man and woman we meet." Well, she shrank from that but she would ask the hotel people. The proprietor let us have the drawing room, she spoke to the people, and I went into the street and invited the people. I came across a man who was such a disreputable looking specimen my heart failed, and I thought I could not invite him. Then it came to me, "and Jesus died for *him*." I could not get away from that. So I went up to him. He was one of the devil's castaways. He thanked me, but his look and voice were so vile before I got through talking to him I was frightened, I never had come in contact with any one like that before. I went right back to the hotel and I said to my friend and her secretary, "Oh, pray for me right away. Pray that I may have my flesh bathed in the blood of Calvary for I feel as if I had been besmirched and rolled in the gutter." They said, "What has happened?" "Oh, I could not tell you, I feel so much ashamed." We got down to prayer and asked for the cleansing power of the blood. I kept thinking then, What should I do if he should come to the meeting? and I was in terror about it. When the time came for the meeting, as we went down stairs I thought I saw that man sitting in the hall. I was sure the proprietor would not let him in the drawing-room, and as I saw him I fled into the drawing-room; my heart was in my throat and it took a little while to become composed. When we got into the

Thirtyfold Fruitage

room there were three ladies and one child, and the proprietor of the hotel, and the atmosphere was the stiffest you can imagine. It was like getting in an ice-box. We felt suddenly all frozen up. Then Carrie Judd said, "Now, will one of the friends play some Gospel hymns for us?" She was quite able to do it herself but wanted to break them in. So one of the ladies in a very stiff, disgusted manner walked to the instrument. Oh, it was painful, but we sang away. Then we got down on our knees and prayed, and we felt a little more melted up, but the atmosphere was just as resistant as ever. Then we had our Gospel talk, first one and then the other, and when it was over the ladies very suddenly went as if they had been at some social affair from which they were glad to flee, the proprietor bowed and we ran upstairs. Oh, how glad we were that it was all over!

Years after, I was telling this to Mr. Montgomery, and I said, "There is one thing sure, Carrie and I beat the Christian worker's record for the biggest fizzle the world ever saw." But this winter when I was in Rochester I received a letter from a lady who said, "You would not remember me in any way. I would not intrude myself upon you, but Mr. Montgomery has begged me to write you, and I want to call to your remembrance that little town up in the mountains and the meeting you had in the drawing-room of the hotel. I was one of the ladies

In Trinity College

present at that meeting and I must say I was perfectly indifferent and rather bored; but two years afterward the whole thing returned to my mind and I was brought to God and converted and found the Lord as my Healer. Then I was called as a missionary and went to Nyack Institute and received some training. Afterwards I went out as a missionary to South America [I think she said to Venezuela], and I have been a missionary there for many years." It was a beautiful letter and, do you know, I was awestruck. If the biggest fizzle that ever Christian workers had in their lives could turn out like that, I felt we didn't know, we haven't the slightest idea, what is piling up for us in the heavens. The Lord says the least shall be thirtyfold. Oh, would not the millionaires be happy tonight if they could get, year by year, in their business this thirtyfold, three thousand per cent! That is the kind of business we are in, we millionaires of Christ. In this matter of seed-sowing we will receive our thirtyfold. We can go on to sixtyfold and one hundredfold if we let the Lord take us on. He will bring us to where in our inner spirits we will be actually separated from everything not in the will of God, and whether we leave our husbands and wives, and mothers and brothers and sisters or not, outwardly, we may reach it in spirit.

Oh, He is a wonderful God, and it is wonderful to have our hearts so on the altar that noth-

Thirtyfold Fruitage

ing moves us *but* the will of God, and the will of God moves us continually. The last time I left home to come to Chicago it was very hard for my sisters; my oldest sister is in her seventy-sixth year, and my other sister is nearly blind, only being able to see a very, very, tiny bit, and through my long illness we had been bound so close together. They thought now the Lord had called me into this wonderful prayer-life, surely I would never go abroad again and when the Lord made it clear I should come to Chicago, their faces were white for days. As they sat at the table they could hardly do more than pick at their food, but there was my heart on the altar, and that is where our hearts must be, and there is God to sustain us, reveal His will and hold us steady to it, and there is the rich fruitage. I believe they have already gotten more out of my going than they would have received had I stayed. Oh, the Lord has such wonderful ways with us all, even in this thirtyfold reward.

We don't always see the outcome here any more than I saw it at the time of that seemingly unprofitable meeting in the little town up in the Rockies. But oh, we shall see it! The Lord tells us it is according to our faith. We know we cannot do the least thing for souls in the Name of Jesus but what God will have at least thirtyfold fruitage. Oh hallelujah! it may be sixty, it can be a hundred. In our praying, in

In Trinity College

our doing, in our giving, in our fruit-bearing, in our patience one with another—in all these different ways in which this grace of God works in our hearts and pushes us forward, there is going on this fruitage, thirtyfold, sixtyfold, and a hundredfold, even in our testimonies. I remember my first time of testimony. I had been brought up in a church that said, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." I believed it, but the spiritual pushed me, so to speak, yet such a contention of the enemy! I saw to it when I went into a meeting that I sat where there was a seat in front of me; then if the Lord should say, "Speak!" I could pull myself up for my legs seemed like those of a ten-days-old kitten, they just wobbled. Oh, how the devil did contend that point of speaking in meeting, and if I had yielded, taking it easy and just been a proper young lady, respected by my pastor, the life I have now had for nearly fifty years, would never have been.

I remember dear Mrs. Whittemore, whom many of you know, and who is connected with the Door of Hope work, as a little Presbyterian girl who used to come to church at their New London summer home. She would sit there, just a quiet, timid child, but the Spirit of the Lord got hold of her. She was a member of the Presbyterian church in New York for a long time, but she really got converted among the drunkards and gamblers in Jerry McAuley's

Thirtyfold Fruitage

Mission. She knelt among the drunkards; she found she had the same kind of a heart, and she got the same kind of salvation. She came to New London and kept getting more hungry. She came to a little holiness meeting in our home, oh such a humble home! and when they came to testify she got up and expressed a desire for God. There wasn't anything very decided about her testimony, we didn't think much of it, but when the meeting was over she said, "Did you see *I* spoke? *I* got my mouth open to-night." We laughed and laughed. She was so perfectly delighted because she had gotten her mouth open. That open mouth has shaken things all over this continent, and a good deal further.

It meant all she rejoiced about and a good deal more. Oh these victories for Jesus! We don't know where the end of these things will be, either in this world or in ages to come, these mighty victories, but the Lord has told us that the least of them will bring forth thirtyfold; not one of the victories can ever be less than thirtyfold. Oh, it is so glorious to me!

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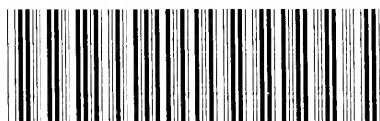
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